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JUSTICE

TRUE CASES *PROVING* CRIME CAN'T WIN!

MAY NO. 10

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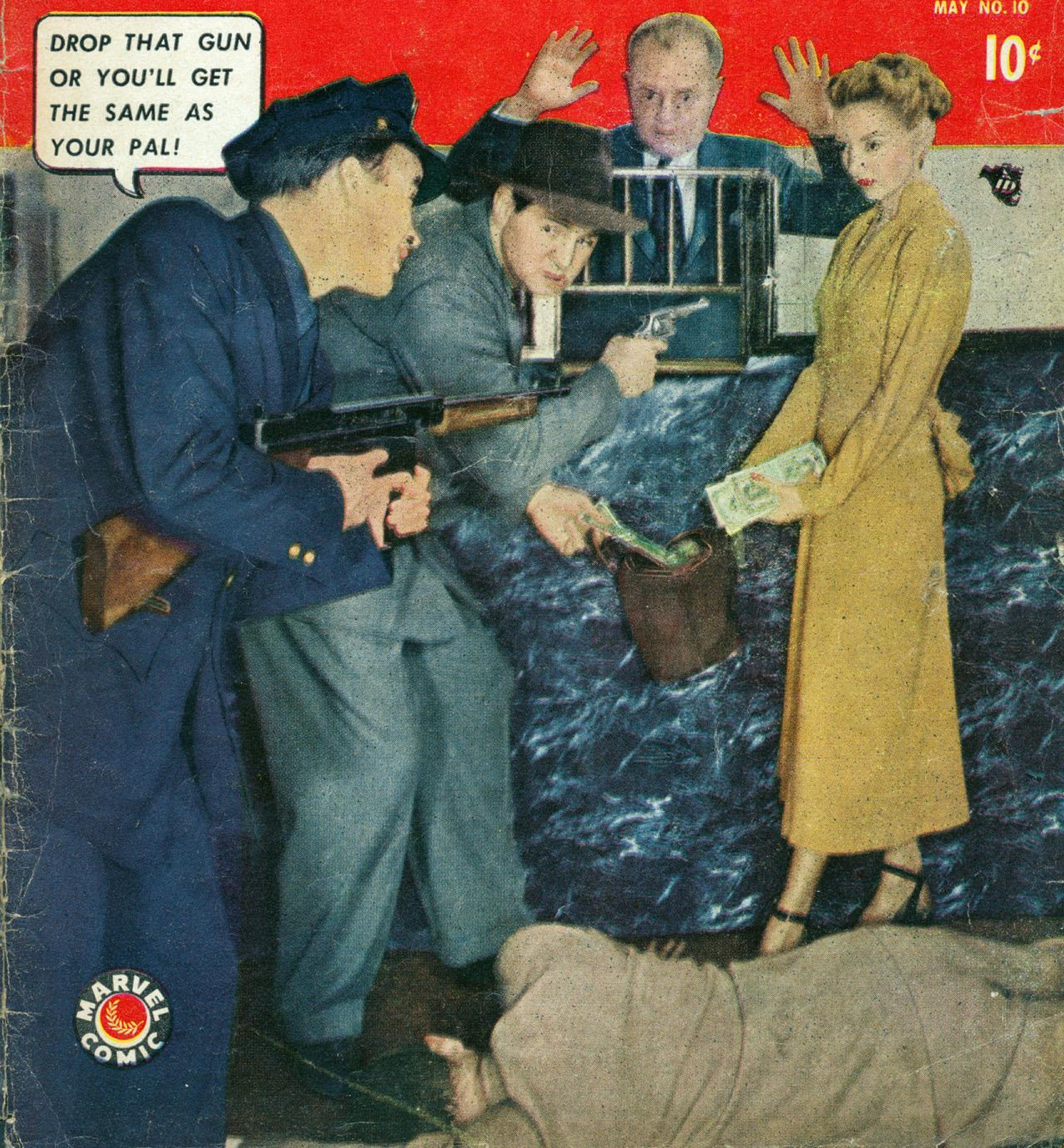
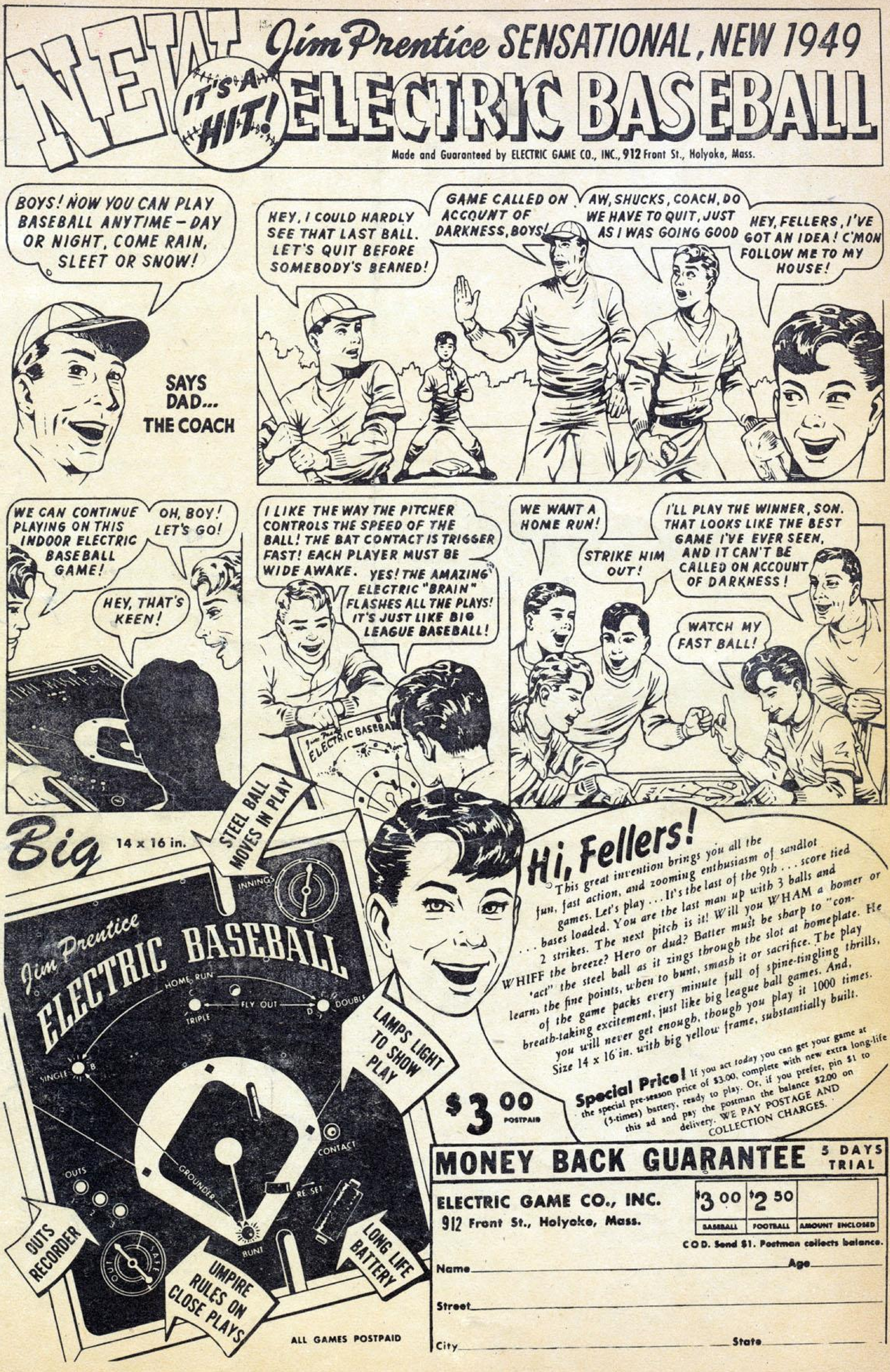

DROP THAT GUN OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME AS YOUR PAL!

MARVEL COMIC


NEW! Jim Prentice SENSATIONAL, NEW 1949
IT'S A HIT!
ELECTRIC BASEBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO., INC., 912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

BOYS! NOW YOU CAN PLAY BASEBALL ANYTIME – DAY OR NIGHT, COME RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!
SAYS DAD... THE COACH
HEY, I COULD HARDLY SEE THAT LAST BALL. LET'S QUIT BEFORE SOMEBODY'S BEANED!
GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!
AW, SHUCKS, COACH, DO WE HAVE TO QUIT, JUST AS I WAS GOING GOOD
HEY, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! C'MON FOLLOW ME TO MY HOUSE!
WE CAN CONTINUE PLAYING ON THIS INDOOR ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!
OH, BOY! LET'S GO!
HEY, THAT'S KEEN!
I LIKE THE WAY THE PITCHER CONTROLS THE SPEED OF THE BALL! THE BAT CONTACT IS TRIGGER FAST! EACH PLAYER MUST BE WIDE AWAKE.
YES! THE AMAZING ELECTRIC "BRAIN" FLASHES ALL THE PLAYS! IT'S JUST LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL!
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
WE WANT A HOME RUN!
STRIKE HIM OUT!
I'LL PLAY THE WINNER, SON. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE BEST GAME I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT CAN'T BE CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS!
WATCH MY FAST BALL!
Big 14 x 16 in.
STEEL BALL MOVES IN PLAY
INNINGS
Jim Prentice ELECTRIC BASEBALL
HOME RUN
C
FLY OUT
D
DOUBLE
TRIPLE
SINGLE
B
CONTACT
GROUNDER
OUTS
RE SET
BUNT
OUT
SAFE
LAMPS LIGHT TO SHOW PLAY
OUTS RECORDER
UMPIRE RULES ON CLOSE PLAYS
LONG LIFE BATTERY

Hi, Fellers!

This great invention brings you all the fun, fast action, and zooming enthusiasm of sandlot games. Let's play ... It's the last of the 9th ... score tied ... bases loaded. You are the last man up with 3 balls and 2 strikes. The next pitch is it! Will you WHAM a homer or WHIFF the breeze? Hero or dud? Batter must be sharp to "con-'act" the steel ball as it zings through the slot at homeplate. He learns the fine points, when to bunt, smash it or sacrifice. The play of the game packs every minute full of spine-tingling thrills, breath-taking excitement, just like big league ball games. And, you will never get enough, though you play it 1000 times. Size 14 x 16 in. with big yellow frame, substantially built.

Special Price! If you act *today* you can get your game at the special pre-season price of $3.00, complete with new extra long-life (5-times) battery, ready to play. Or, if you prefer, pin $1 to this ad and pay the postman the balance $2.00 on delivery. WE PAY POSTAGE AND COLLECTION CHARGES.

$3.00 POSTPAID

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

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912 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

$3.00	$2.50	
BASEBALL	FOOTBALL	AMOUNT ENCLOSED

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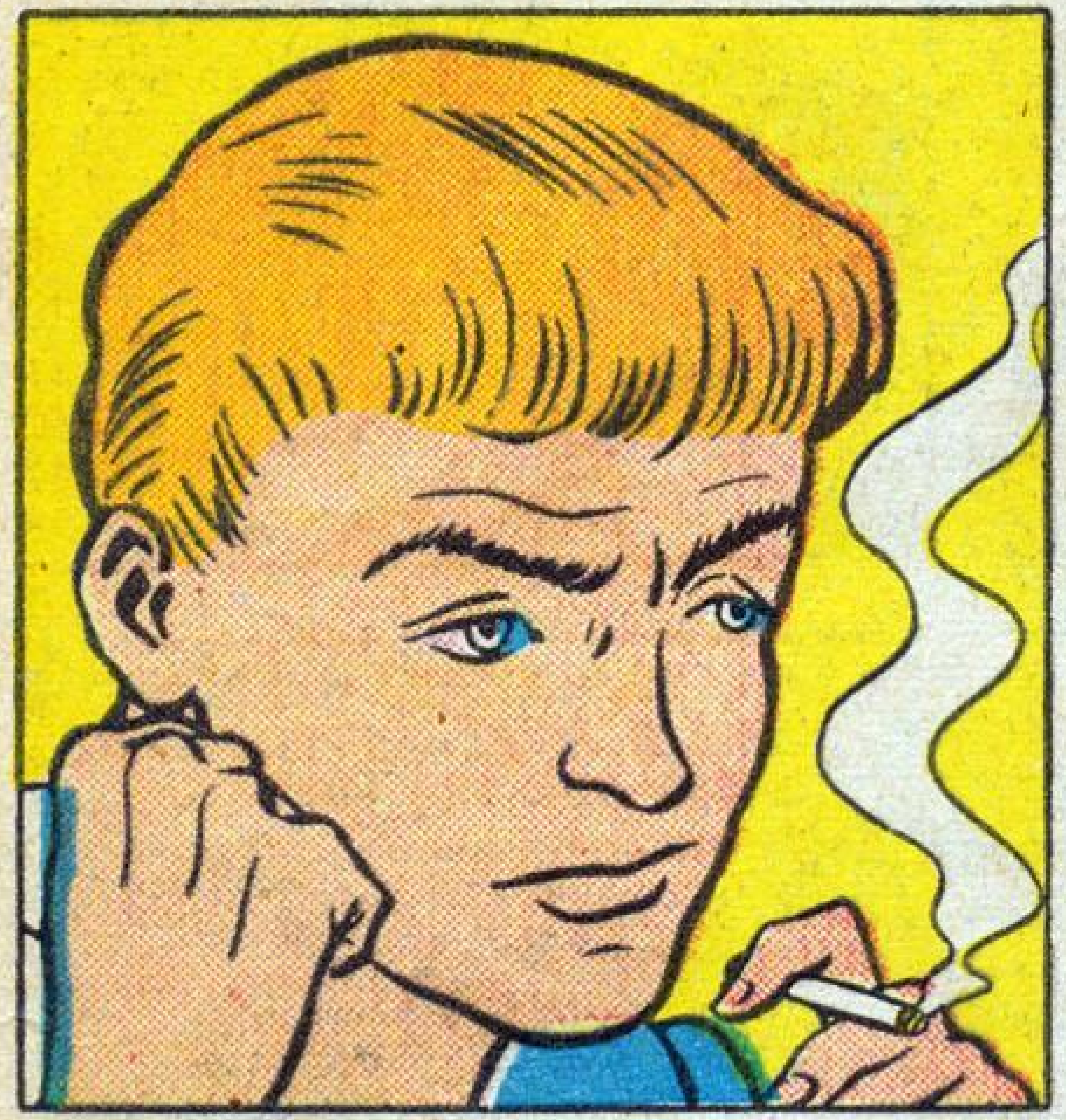
Board of Education, New York City

"THE KILLER WITH THE BABY FACE!"



LENNIE CORBIN WAS ALL BAD! HIS ONLY REDEEMING FEATURE WAS THE FACT THAT HE WASN'T TWINS! HIS LIFE WAS ONE LONG SERIES OF LAWLESS INCIDENTS... A HISTORY OF HIS DEEDS WOULD READ LIKE A TRIP TO THE ROGUES' GALLERY!

AND YET, AS IN THE CASE OF SO MANY MEN WHO PUT THEMSELVES OUTSIDE THE LAW, ONE STRANGE TRUTH STANDS OUT FROM THE OTHERS...

THIS MAN CORBIN, WHO SPENT HIS LIFE RUNNING, FIGHTING, AND WORRYING, DIED AN UGLY DEATH WITHOUT EVER HAVING GLEANED ANY REWARDS FROM HIS CRIMES! FOR CRIME HAS NO REWARDS... NONE EXCEPT MISERY, PRIVATION... AND DEATH!

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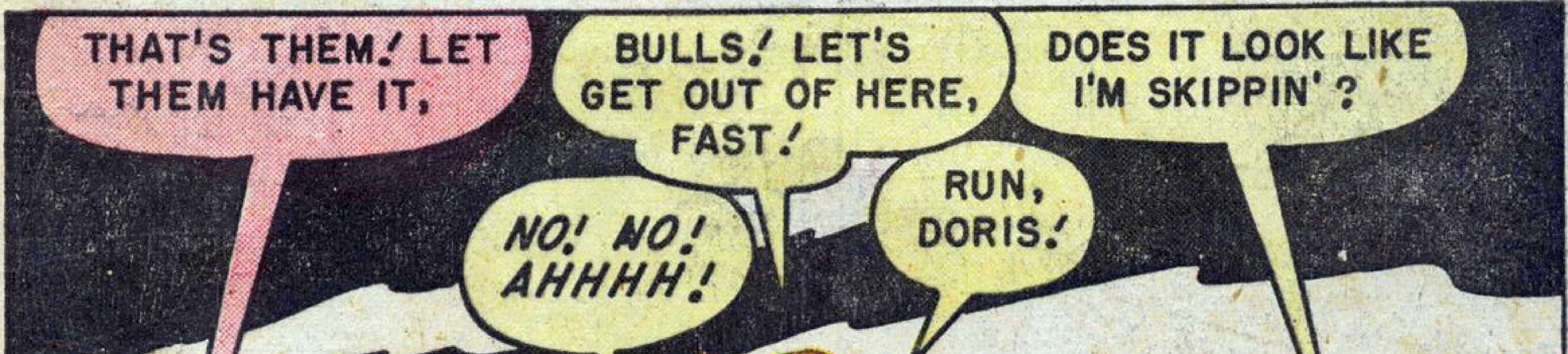
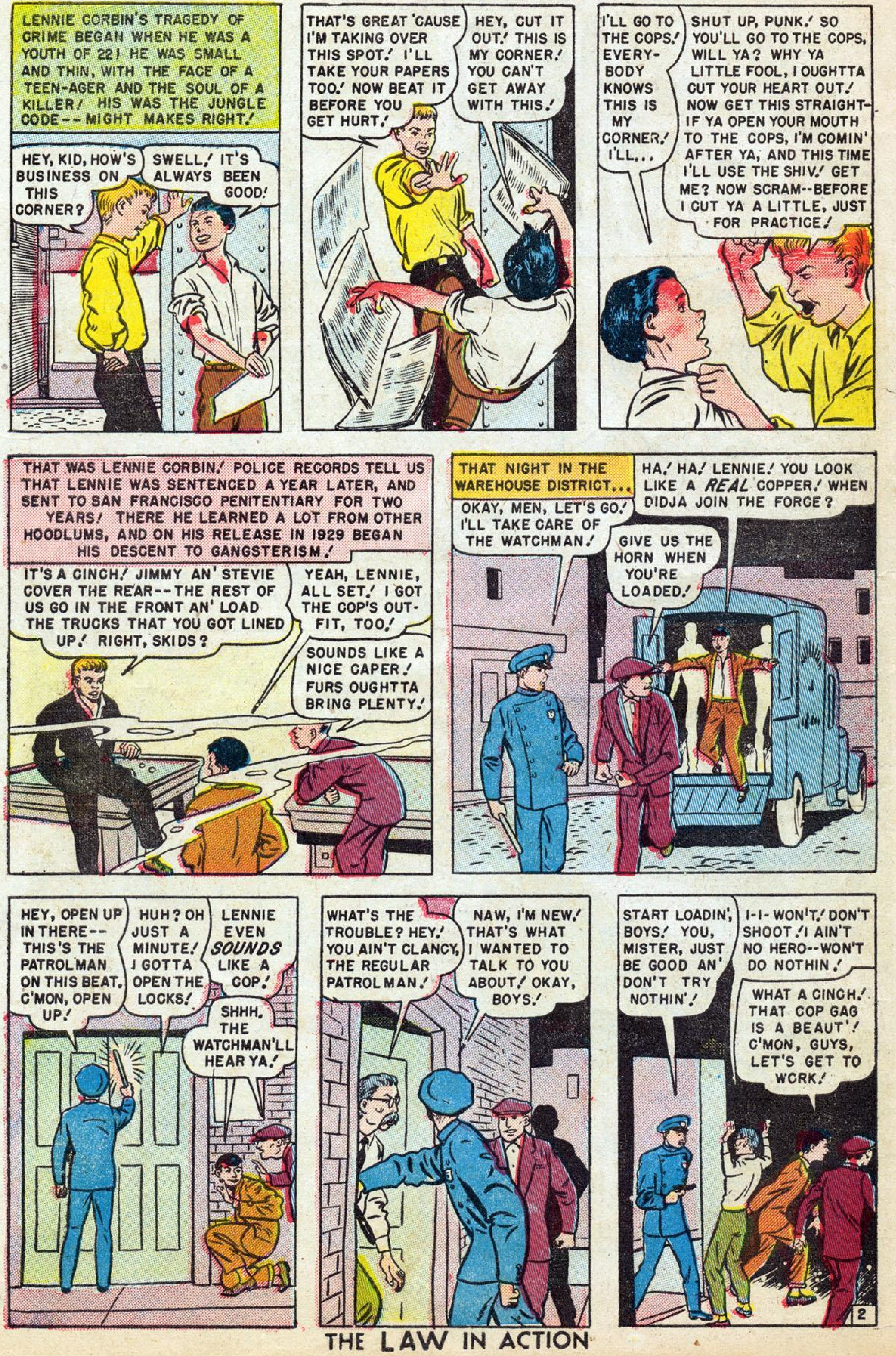

THAT'S THEM! LET THEM HAVE IT,
BULLS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, FAST!
DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M SKIPPIN'?
NO! NO! AHHHH!
RUN, DORIS!

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL


LENNIE CORBIN'S TRAGEDY OF CRIME BEGAN WHEN HE WAS A YOUTH OF 22! HE WAS SMALL AND THIN, WITH THE FACE OF A TEEN-AGER AND THE SOUL OF A KILLER! HIS WAS THE JUNGLE CODE--MIGHT MAKES RIGHT!
HEY, KID, HOW'S BUSINESS ON THIS CORNER?
SWELL! IT'S ALWAYS BEEN GOOD!
THAT'S GREAT 'CAUSE I'M TAKING OVER THIS SPOT! I'LL TAKE YOUR PAPERS TOO! NOW BEAT IT BEFORE YOU GET HURT!
HEY, CUT IT OUT! THIS IS MY CORNER! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
I'LL GO TO THE COPS! EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS IS MY CORNER! I'LL...
SHUT UP, PUNK! SO YOU'LL GO TO THE COPS, WILL YA? WHY YA LITTLE FOOL, I OUGHTTA CUT YOUR HEART OUT! NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT-IF YA OPEN YOUR MOUTH TO THE COPS, I'M COMIN' AFTER YA, AND THIS TIME I'LL USE THE SHIV! GET ME? NOW SCRAM--BEFORE I CUT YA A LITTLE, JUST FOR PRACTICE!
THAT WAS LENNIE CORBIN! POLICE RECORDS TELL US THAT LENNIE WAS SENTENCED A YEAR LATER, AND SENT TO SAN FRANCISCO PENITENTIARY FOR TWO YEARS! THERE HE LEARNED A LOT FROM OTHER HOODLUMS, AND ON HIS RELEASE IN 1929 BEGAN HIS DESCENT TO GANGSTERISM!
IT'S A CINCH! JIMMY AN' STEVIE COVER THE REAR--THE REST OF US GO IN THE FRONT AN' LOAD THE TRUCKS THAT YOU GOT LINED UP! RIGHT, SKIDS?
YEAH, LENNIE, ALL SET! I GOT THE COP'S OUTFIT, TOO!
SOUNDS LIKE A NICE CAPER! FURS OUGHTTA BRING PLENTY!
THAT NIGHT IN THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT...
HA! HA! LENNIE! YOU LOOK LIKE A *REAL* COPPER! WHEN DIDJA JOIN THE FORCE?
OKAY, MEN, LET'S GO! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE WATCHMAN!
GIVE US THE HORN WHEN YOU'RE LOADED!
HEY, OPEN UP IN THERE--THIS'S THE PATROLMAN ON THIS BEAT. C'MON, OPEN UP!
HUH? OH JUST A MINUTE! I GOTTA OPEN THE LOCKS!
LENNIE EVEN *SOUNDS* LIKE A COP!
SHHH, THE WATCHMAN'LL HEAR YA!
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE? HEY! YOU AIN'T CLANCY, THE REGULAR PATROLMAN!
NAW, I'M NEW! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT! OKAY, BOYS!
START LOADIN', BOYS! YOU, MISTER, JUST BE GOOD AN' DON'T TRY NOTHIN'!
I-I-WON'T! DON'T SHOOT! I AIN'T NO HERO--WON'T DO NOTHIN!
WHAT A CINCH! THAT COP GAG IS A BEAUT'! C'MON, GUYS, LET'S GET TO WORK!
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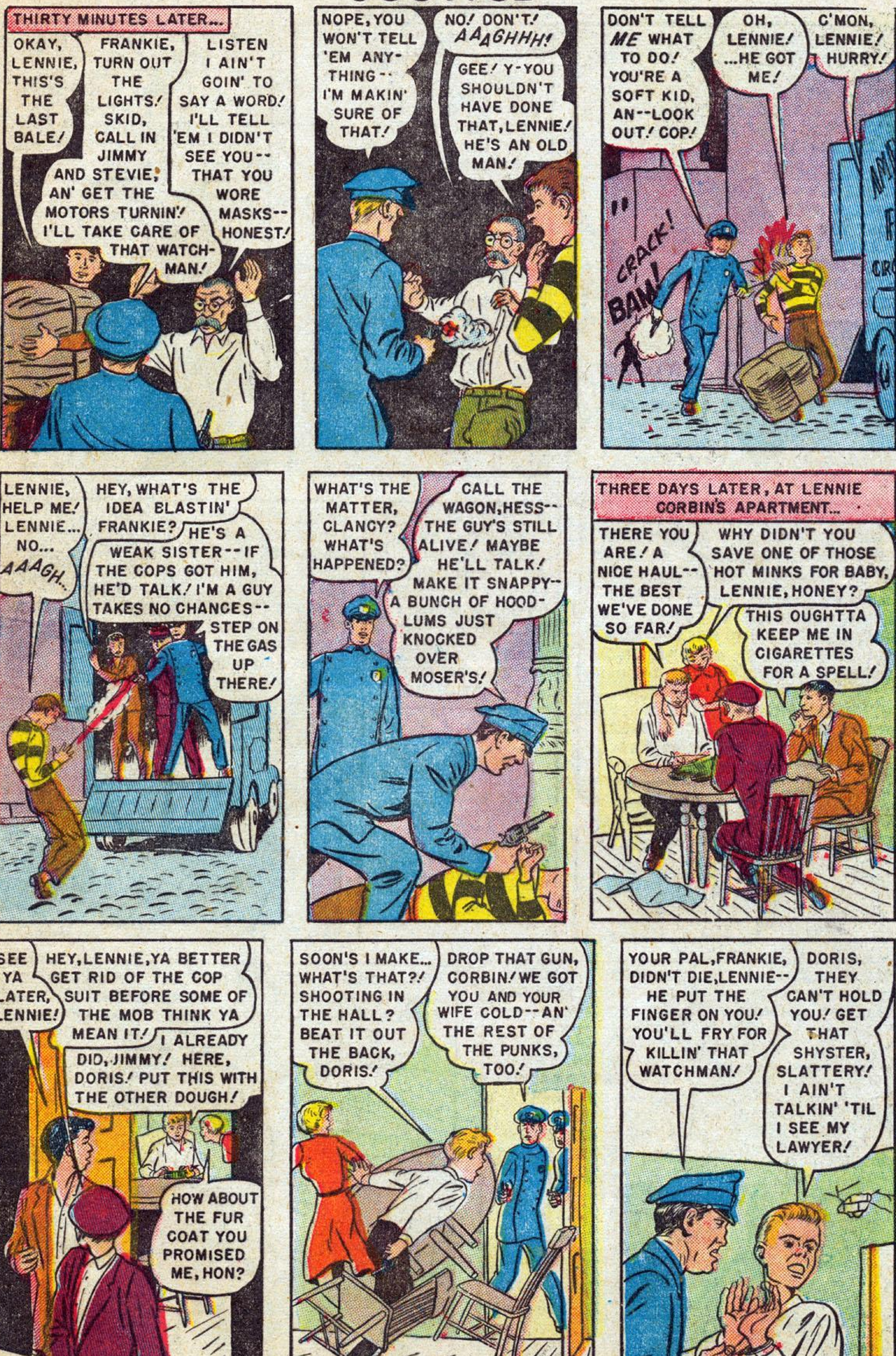
THIRTY MINUTES LATER...
OKAY, LENNIE, THIS'S THE LAST BALE!
FRANKIE, TURN OUT THE LIGHTS! SKID, CALL IN JIMMY AND STEVIE, AN' GET THE MOTORS TURNIN'! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT WATCHMAN!
LISTEN I AIN'T GOIN' TO SAY A WORD! I'LL TELL 'EM I DIDN'T SEE YOU-- THAT YOU WORE MASKS-- HONEST!
NOPE, YOU WON'T TELL 'EM ANYTHING-- I'M MAKIN' SURE OF THAT!
NO! DON'T! AAAGHHH!
GEE! Y-YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, LENNIE! HE'S AN OLD MAN!
DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! YOU'RE A SOFT KID, AN--LOOK OUT! COP!
OH, LENNIE! ...HE GOT ME!
C'MON, LENNIE! HURRY!
CRACK! BAM!
LENNIE, HELP ME! LENNIE... NO... AAAGH...
HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA BLASTIN' FRANKIE? HE'S A WEAK SISTER--IF THE COPS GOT HIM, HE'D TALK! I'M A GUY TAKES NO CHANCES-- STEP ON THE GAS UP THERE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, CLANCY? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
CALL THE WAGON, HESS-- THE GUY'S STILL ALIVE! MAYBE HE'LL TALK! MAKE IT SNAPPY-- A BUNCH OF HOODLUMS JUST KNOCKED OVER MOSER'S!
THREE DAYS LATER, AT LENNIE CORBIN'S APARTMENT...
THERE YOU ARE! A NICE HAUL-- THE BEST WE'VE DONE SO FAR!
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAVE ONE OF THOSE HOT MINKS FOR BABY, LENNIE, HONEY?
THIS OUGHTTA KEEP ME IN CIGARETTES FOR A SPELL!
SEE YA LATER, LENNIE!
HEY, LENNIE, YA BETTER GET RID OF THE COP SUIT BEFORE SOME OF THE MOB THINK YA MEAN IT!
I ALREADY DID, JIMMY! HERE, DORIS! PUT THIS WITH THE OTHER DOUGH!
HOW ABOUT THE FUR COAT YOU PROMISED ME, HON?
SOON'S I MAKE... WHAT'S THAT?! SHOOTING IN THE HALL? BEAT IT OUT THE BACK, DORIS!
DROP THAT GUN, CORBIN! WE GOT YOU AND YOUR WIFE COLD--AN' THE REST OF THE PUNKS, TOO!
YOUR PAL, FRANKIE, DIDN'T DIE, LENNIE-- HE PUT THE FINGER ON YOU! YOU'LL FRY FOR KILLIN' THAT WATCHMAN!
DORIS, THEY CAN'T HOLD YOU! GET THAT SHYSTER, SLATTERY! I AIN'T TALKIN' 'TIL I SEE MY LAWYER!
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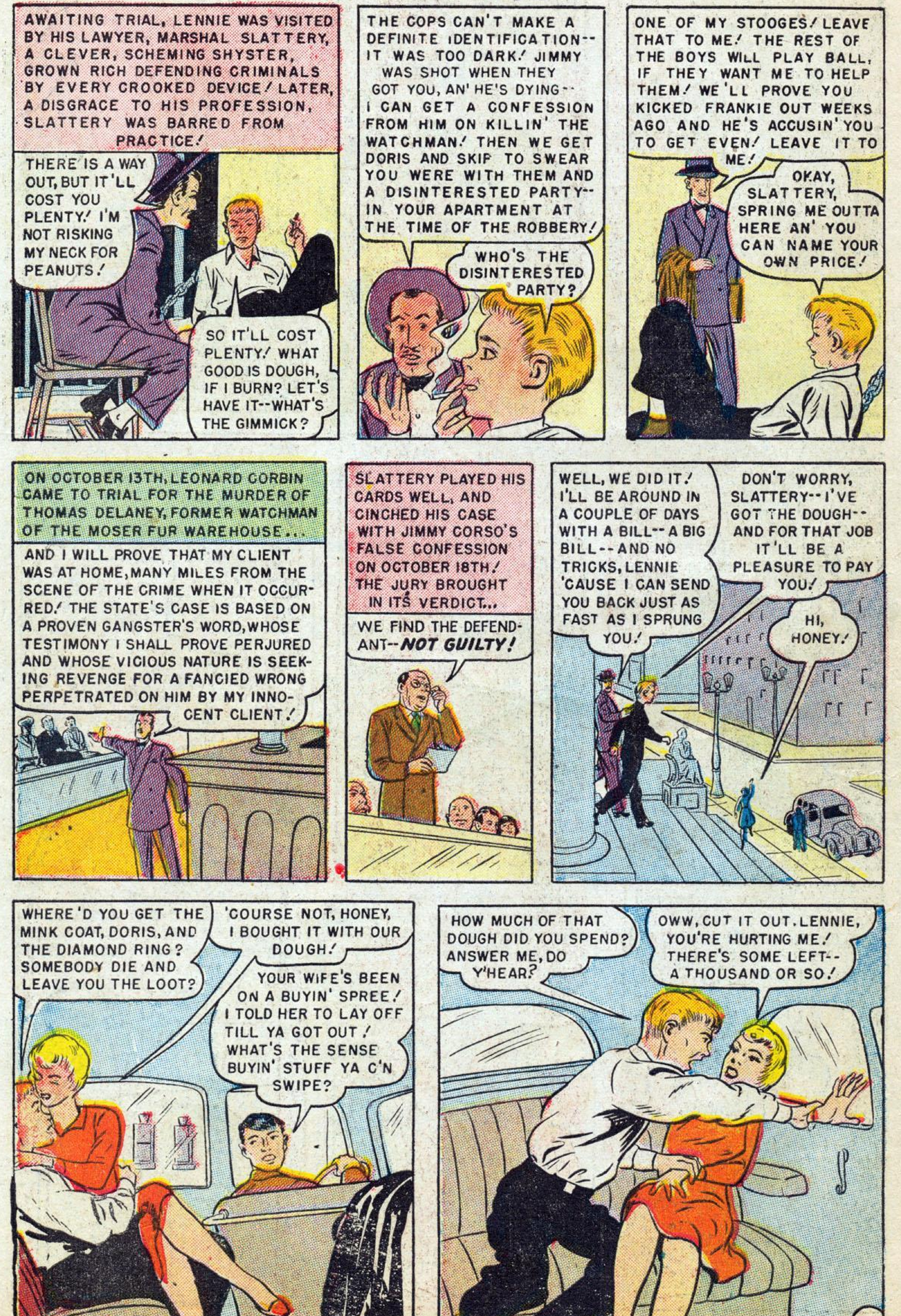
AWAITING TRIAL, LENNIE WAS VISITED BY HIS LAWYER, MARSHAL SLATTERY, A CLEVER, SCHEMING SHYSTER, GROWN RICH DEFENDING CRIMINALS BY EVERY CROOKED DEVICE! LATER, A DISGRACE TO HIS PROFESSION, SLATTERY WAS BARRED FROM PRACTICE!
THERE IS A WAY OUT, BUT IT'LL COST YOU PLENTY! I'M NOT RISKING MY NECK FOR PEANUTS!
SO IT'LL COST PLENTY! WHAT GOOD IS DOUGH, IF I BURN? LET'S HAVE IT--WHAT'S THE GIMMICK?
THE COPS CAN'T MAKE A DEFINITE IDENTIFICATION--IT WAS TOO DARK! JIMMY WAS SHOT WHEN THEY GOT YOU, AN' HE'S DYING--I CAN GET A CONFESSION FROM HIM ON KILLIN' THE WATCHMAN! THEN WE GET DORIS AND SKIP TO SWEAR YOU WERE WITH THEM AND A DISINTERESTED PARTY--IN YOUR APARTMENT AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY!
WHO'S THE DISINTERESTED PARTY?
ONE OF MY STOOGES! LEAVE THAT TO ME! THE REST OF THE BOYS WILL PLAY BALL, IF THEY WANT ME TO HELP THEM! WE'LL PROVE YOU KICKED FRANKIE OUT WEEKS AGO AND HE'S ACCUSIN' YOU TO GET EVEN! LEAVE IT TO ME!
OKAY, SLATTERY, SPRING ME OUTTA HERE AN' YOU CAN NAME YOUR OWN PRICE!
ON OCTOBER 13TH, LEONARD CORBIN CAME TO TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF THOMAS DELANEY, FORMER WATCHMAN OF THE MOSER FUR WAREHOUSE...
AND I WILL PROVE THAT MY CLIENT WAS AT HOME, MANY MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME WHEN IT OCCURRED! THE STATE'S CASE IS BASED ON A PROVEN GANGSTER'S WORD, WHOSE TESTIMONY I SHALL PROVE PERJURED AND WHOSE VICIOUS NATURE IS SEEKING REVENGE FOR A FANCIED WRONG PERPETRATED ON HIM BY MY INNOCENT CLIENT!
SLATTERY PLAYED HIS CARDS WELL, AND CINCHED HIS CASE WITH JIMMY CORSO'S FALSE CONFESSION ON OCTOBER 18TH! THE JURY BROUGHT IN ITS VERDICT...
WE FIND THE DEFENDANT--**NOT GUILTY!**
WELL, WE DID IT! I'LL BE AROUND IN A COUPLE OF DAYS WITH A BILL--A BIG BILL--AND NO TRICKS, LENNIE 'CAUSE I CAN SEND YOU BACK JUST AS FAST AS I SPRUNG YOU!
DON'T WORRY, SLATTERY--I'VE GOT THE DOUGH--AND FOR THAT JOB IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO PAY YOU!
HI, HONEY!
WHERE'D YOU GET THE MINK COAT, DORIS, AND THE DIAMOND RING? SOMEBODY DIE AND LEAVE YOU THE LOOT?
'COURSE NOT, HONEY, I BOUGHT IT WITH OUR DOUGH!
YOUR WIFE'S BEEN ON A BUYIN' SPREE! I TOLD HER TO LAY OFF TILL YA GOT OUT! WHAT'S THE SENSE BUYIN' STUFF YA C'N SWIPE?
HOW MUCH OF THAT DOUGH DID YOU SPEND? ANSWER ME, DO Y'HEAR?
OWW, CUT IT OUT. LENNIE, YOU'RE HURTING ME! THERE'S SOME LEFT--A THOUSAND OR SO!
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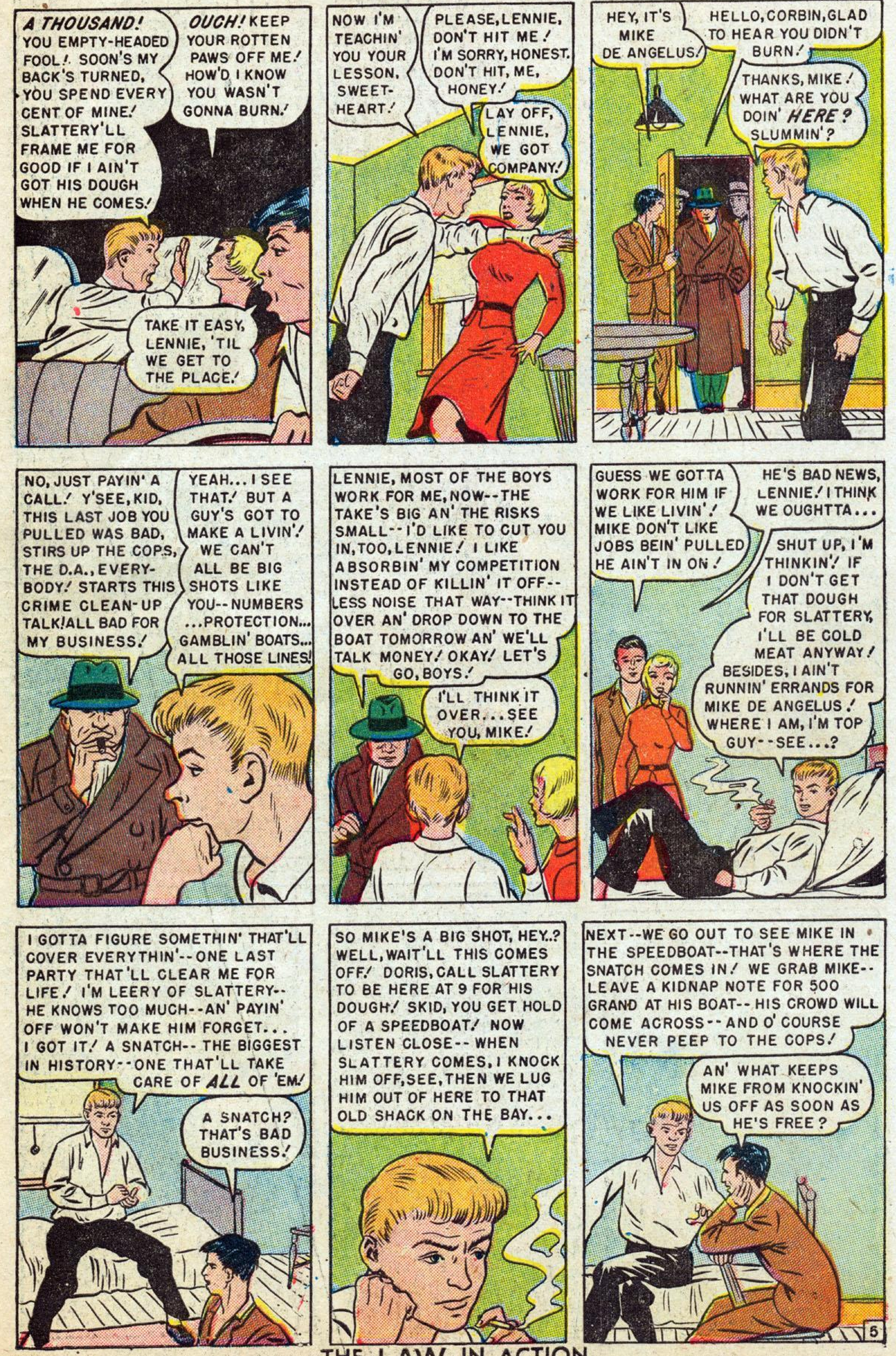
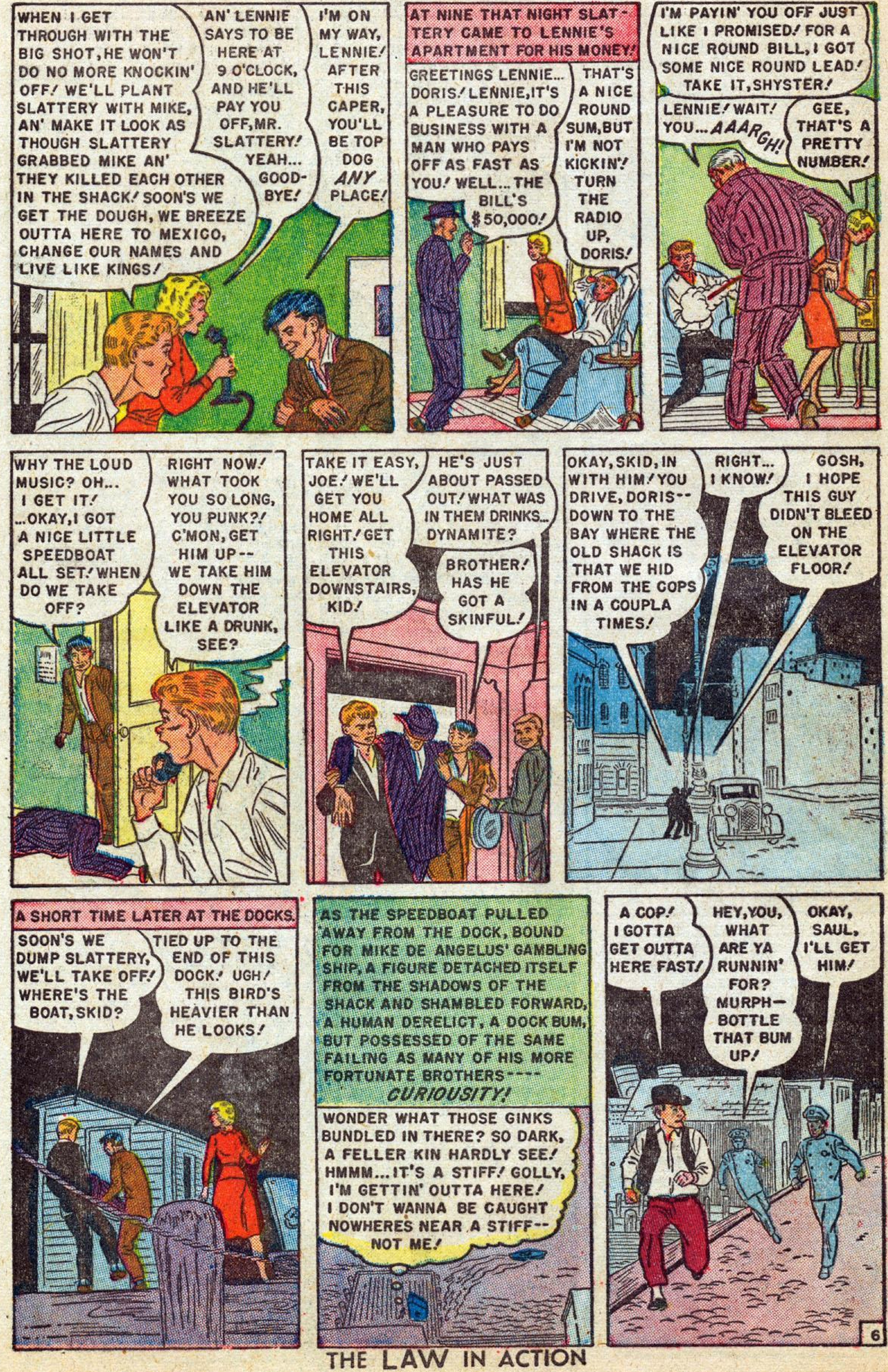

A THOUSAND! YOU EMPTY-HEADED FOOL! SOON'S MY BACK'S TURNED, YOU SPEND EVERY CENT OF MINE! SLATTERY'LL FRAME ME FOR GOOD IF I AIN'T GOT HIS DOUGH WHEN HE COMES!
OUCH! KEEP YOUR ROTTEN PAWS OFF ME! HOW'D I KNOW YOU WASN'T GONNA BURN!
TAKE IT EASY, LENNIE, 'TIL WE GET TO THE PLACE!
NOW I'M TEACHIN' YOU YOUR LESSON, SWEET-HEART!
PLEASE, LENNIE, DON'T HIT ME! I'M SORRY, HONEST. DON'T HIT, ME, HONEY!
LAY OFF, LENNIE, WE GOT COMPANY!
HEY, IT'S MIKE DE ANGELUS!
HELLO, CORBIN, GLAD TO HEAR YOU DIDN'T BURN!
THANKS, MIKE! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? SLUMMIN'?
NO, JUST PAYIN' A CALL! Y'SEE, KID, THIS LAST JOB YOU PULLED WAS BAD, STIRS UP THE COPS, THE D.A., EVERY-BODY! STARTS THIS CRIME CLEAN-UP TALK! ALL BAD FOR MY BUSINESS!
YEAH... I SEE THAT! BUT A GUY'S GOT TO MAKE A LIVIN'! WE CAN'T ALL BE BIG SHOTS LIKE YOU--NUMBERS ...PROTECTION... GAMBLIN' BOATS... ALL THOSE LINES!
LENNIE, MOST OF THE BOYS WORK FOR ME, NOW--THE TAKE'S BIG AN' THE RISKS SMALL--I'D LIKE TO CUT YOU IN, TOO, LENNIE! I LIKE ABSORBIN' MY COMPETITION INSTEAD OF KILLIN' IT OFF--LESS NOISE THAT WAY--THINK IT OVER AN' DROP DOWN TO THE BOAT TOMORROW AN' WE'LL TALK MONEY! OKAY! LET'S GO, BOYS!
I'LL THINK IT OVER... SEE YOU, MIKE!
GUESS WE GOTTA WORK FOR HIM IF WE LIKE LIVIN'! MIKE DON'T LIKE JOBS BEIN' PULLED HE AIN'T IN ON!
HE'S BAD NEWS, LENNIE! I THINK WE OUGHTTA...
SHUT UP, I'M THINKIN'! IF I DON'T GET THAT DOUGH FOR SLATTERY, I'LL BE COLD MEAT ANYWAY! BESIDES, I AIN'T RUNNIN' ERRANDS FOR MIKE DE ANGELUS! WHERE I AM, I'M TOP GUY--SEE...?
I GOTTA FIGURE SOMETHIN' THAT'LL COVER EVERYTHIN'--ONE LAST PARTY THAT'LL CLEAR ME FOR LIFE! I'M LEERY OF SLATTERY--HE KNOWS TOO MUCH--AN' PAYIN' OFF WON'T MAKE HIM FORGET... I GOT IT! A SNATCH--THE BIGGEST IN HISTORY--ONE THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL OF 'EM!
A SNATCH? THAT'S BAD BUSINESS!
SO MIKE'S A BIG SHOT, HEY..? WELL, WAIT'LL THIS COMES OFF! DORIS, CALL SLATTERY TO BE HERE AT 9 FOR HIS DOUGH! SKID, YOU GET HOLD OF A SPEEDBOAT! NOW LISTEN CLOSE--WHEN SLATTERY COMES, I KNOCK HIM OFF, SEE, THEN WE LUG HIM OUT OF HERE TO THAT OLD SHACK ON THE BAY...
NEXT--WE GO OUT TO SEE MIKE IN THE SPEEDBOAT--THAT'S WHERE THE SNATCH COMES IN! WE GRAB MIKE--LEAVE A KIDNAP NOTE FOR 500 GRAND AT HIS BOAT--HIS CROWD WILL COME ACROSS--AND O' COURSE NEVER PEEP TO THE COPS!
AN' WHAT KEEPS MIKE FROM KNOCKIN' US OFF AS SOON AS HE'S FREE?


WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THE BIG SHOT, HE WON'T DO NO MORE KNOCKIN' OFF! WE'LL PLANT SLATTERY WITH MIKE, AN' MAKE IT LOOK AS THOUGH SLATTERY GRABBED MIKE AN' THEY KILLED EACH OTHER IN THE SHACK! SOON'S WE GET THE DOUGH, WE BREEZE OUTTA HERE TO MEXICO, CHANGE OUR NAMES AND LIVE LIKE KINGS!
AN' LENNIE SAYS TO BE HERE AT 9 O'CLOCK, AND HE'LL PAY YOU OFF, MR. SLATTERY! YEAH... GOOD-BYE!
I'M ON MY WAY, LENNIE! AFTER THIS CAPER, YOU'LL BE TOP DOG *ANY* PLACE!
AT NINE THAT NIGHT SLATTERY CAME TO LENNIE'S APARTMENT FOR HIS MONEY!
GREETINGS LENNIE... DORIS! LENNIE, IT'S A PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH A MAN WHO PAYS OFF AS FAST AS YOU! WELL... THE BILL'S $50,000!
THAT'S A NICE ROUND SUM, BUT I'M NOT KICKIN'! TURN THE RADIO UP, DORIS!
I'M PAYIN' YOU OFF JUST LIKE I PROMISED! FOR A NICE ROUND BILL, I GOT SOME NICE ROUND LEAD! TAKE IT, SHYSTER!
LENNIE! WAIT! YOU... *AAARGH!*
GEE, THAT'S A PRETTY NUMBER!
WHY THE LOUD MUSIC? OH... I GET IT! ...OKAY, I GOT A NICE LITTLE SPEEDBOAT ALL SET! WHEN DO WE TAKE OFF?
RIGHT NOW! WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, YOU PUNK?! C'MON, GET HIM UP-- WE TAKE HIM DOWN THE ELEVATOR LIKE A DRUNK, SEE?
TAKE IT EASY, JOE! WE'LL GET YOU HOME ALL RIGHT! GET THIS ELEVATOR DOWNSTAIRS, KID!
HE'S JUST ABOUT PASSED OUT! WHAT WAS IN THEM DRINKS... DYNAMITE?
BROTHER! HAS HE GOT A SKINFUL!
OKAY, SKID, IN WITH HIM! YOU DRIVE, DORIS-- DOWN TO THE BAY WHERE THE OLD SHACK IS THAT WE HID FROM THE COPS IN A COUPLA TIMES!
RIGHT... I KNOW!
GOSH, I HOPE THIS GUY DIDN'T BLEED ON THE ELEVATOR FLOOR!
A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE DOCKS.
SOON'S WE DUMP SLATTERY, WE'LL TAKE OFF! WHERE'S THE BOAT, SKID?
TIED UP TO THE END OF THIS DOCK! UGH! THIS BIRD'S HEAVIER THAN HE LOOKS!
AS THE SPEEDBOAT PULLED AWAY FROM THE DOCK, BOUND FOR MIKE DE ANGELUS' GAMBLING SHIP, A FIGURE DETACHED ITSELF FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE SHACK AND SHAMBLED FORWARD, A HUMAN DERELICT, A DOCK BUM, BUT POSSESSED OF THE SAME FAILING AS MANY OF HIS MORE FORTUNATE BROTHERS---- *CURIOUSITY!*
WONDER WHAT THOSE GINKS BUNDLED IN THERE? SO DARK, A FELLER KIN HARDLY SEE! HMMM... IT'S A STIFF! GOLLY, I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE! I DON'T WANNA BE CAUGHT NOWHERES NEAR A STIFF-- NOT ME!
A COP! I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE FAST!
HEY, YOU, WHAT ARE YA RUNNIN' FOR? MURPH— BOTTLE THAT BUM UP!
OKAY, SAUL, I'LL GET HIM!
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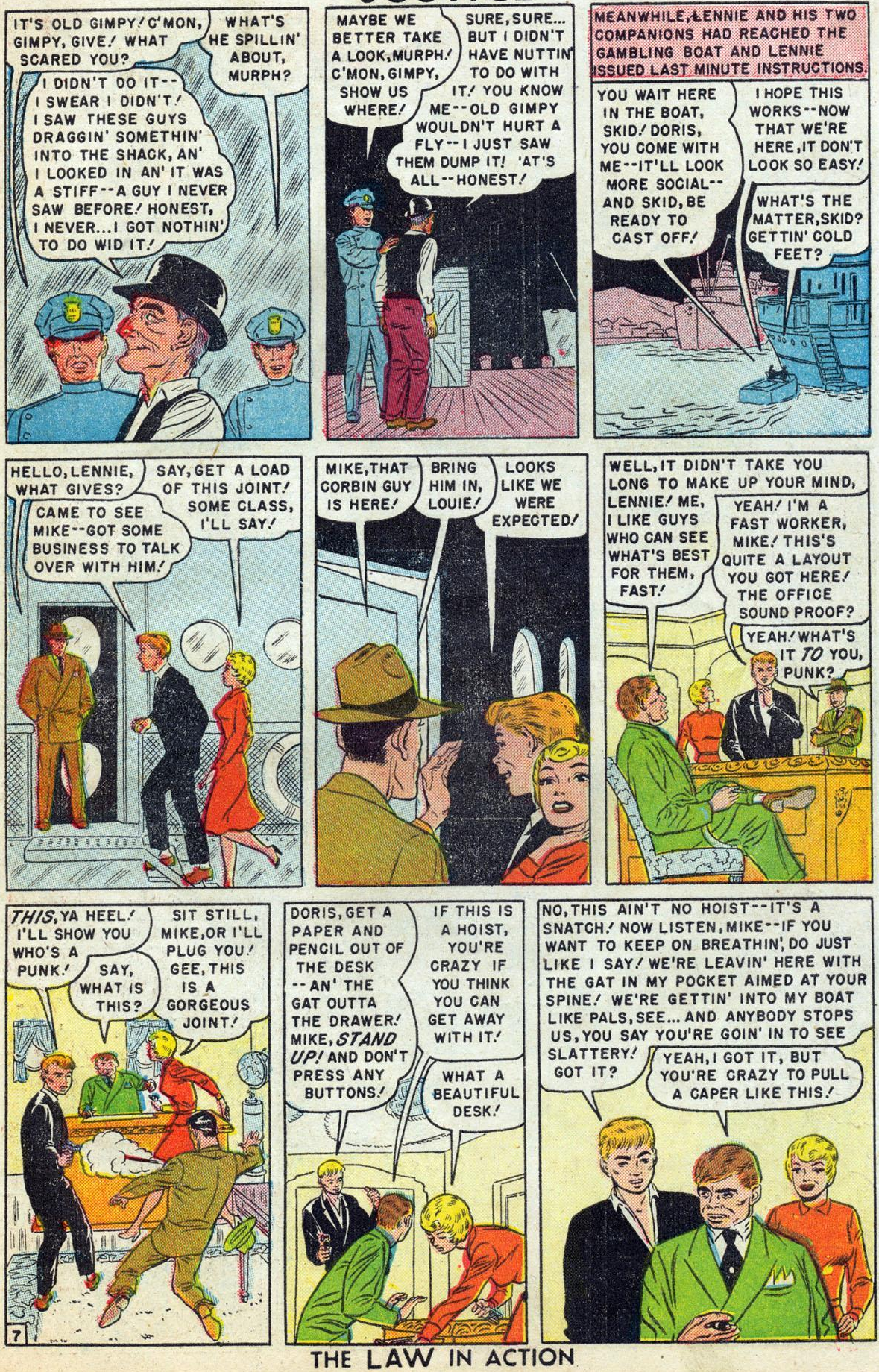
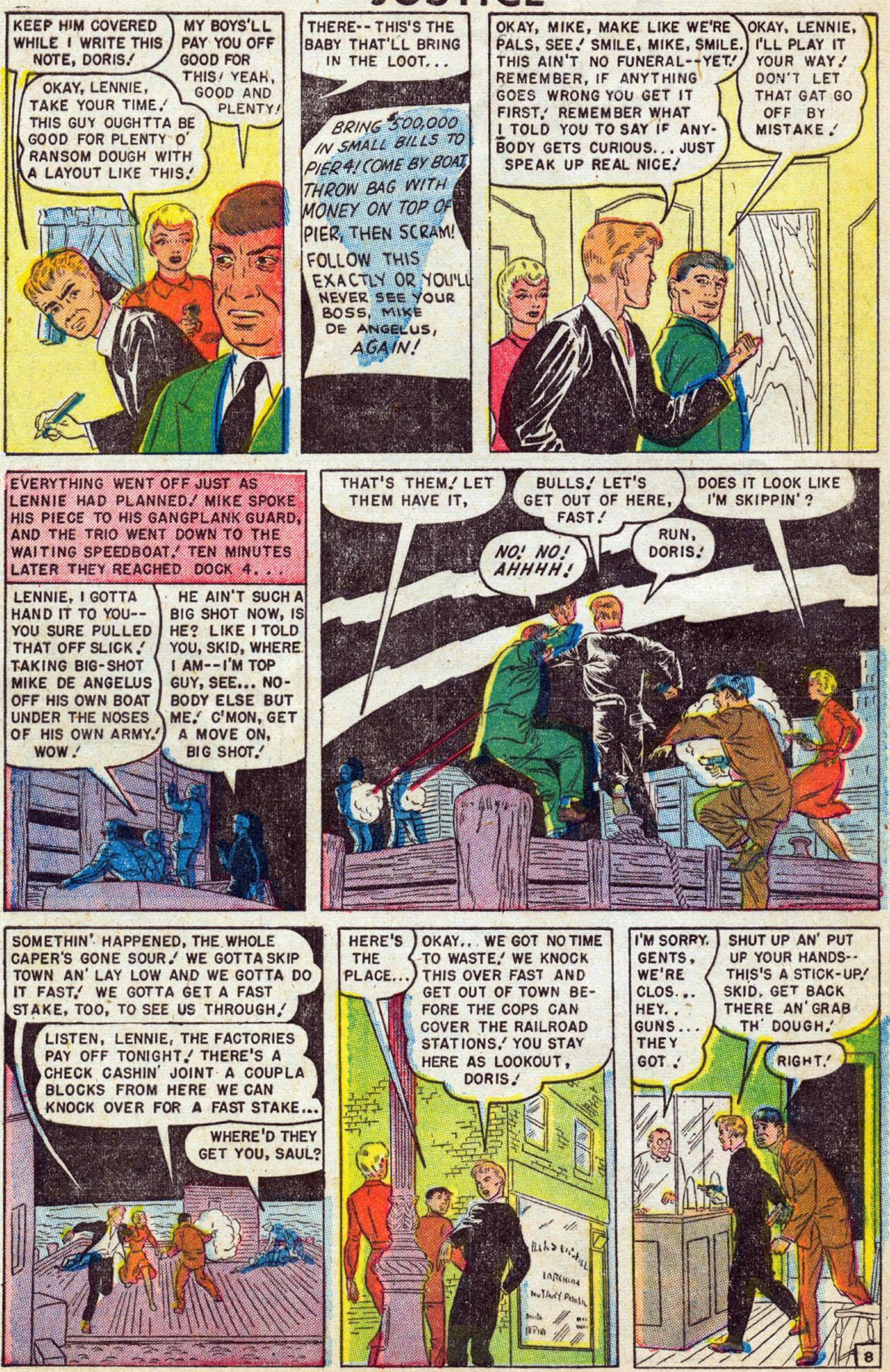
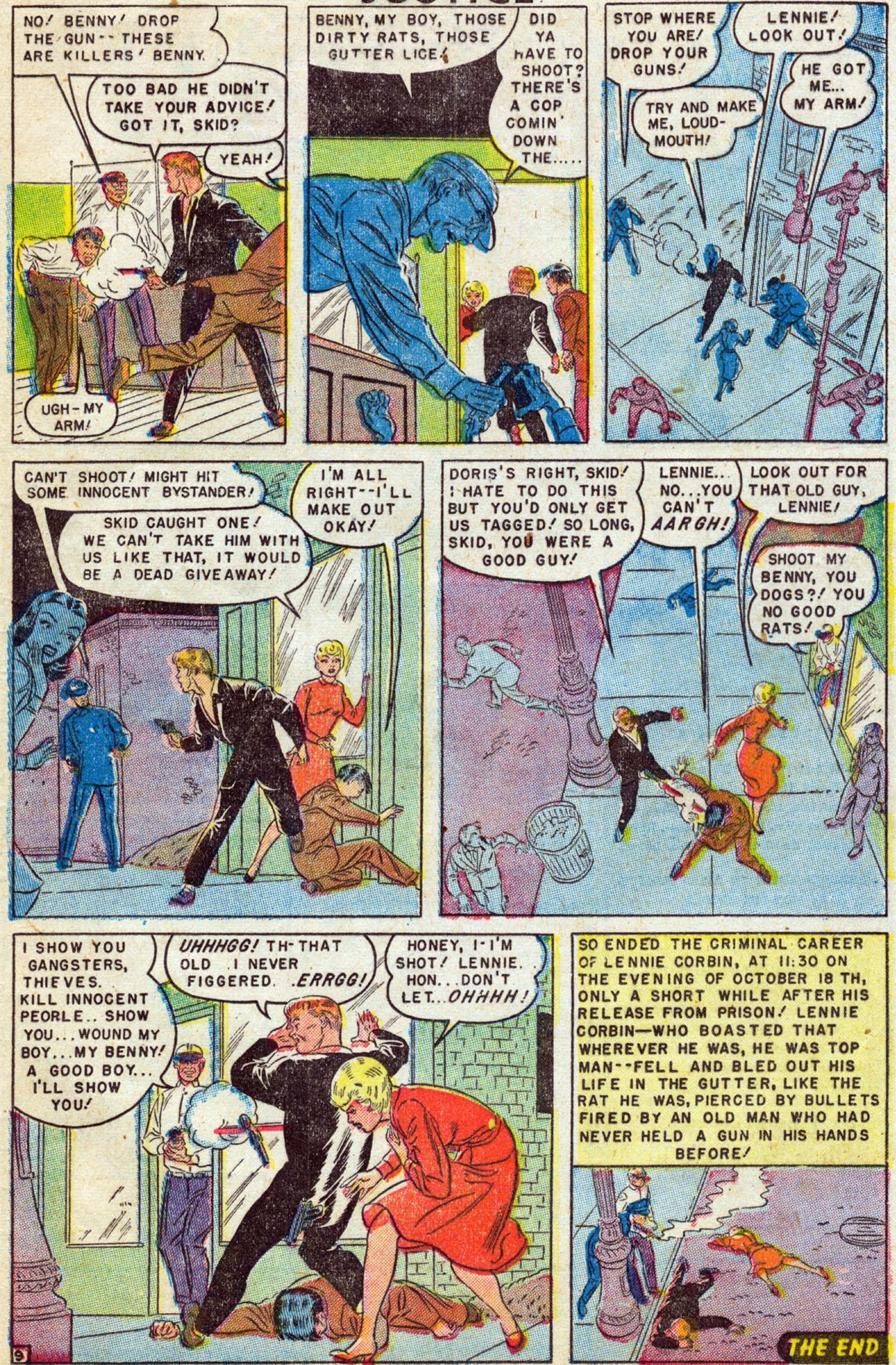

IT'S OLD GIMPY! C'MON, GIMPY, GIVE! WHAT SCARED YOU?
WHAT'S HE SPILLIN' ABOUT, MURPH?
I DIDN'T DO IT-- I SWEAR I DIDN'T! I SAW THESE GUYS DRAGGIN' SOMETHIN' INTO THE SHACK, AN' I LOOKED IN AN' IT WAS A STIFF--A GUY I NEVER SAW BEFORE! HONEST, I NEVER...I GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WID IT!
MAYBE WE BETTER TAKE A LOOK, MURPH! C'MON, GIMPY, SHOW US WHERE!
SURE, SURE... BUT I DIDN'T HAVE NUTTIN' TO DO WITH IT! YOU KNOW ME--OLD GIMPY WOULDN'T HURT A FLY--I JUST SAW THEM DUMP IT! 'AT'S ALL--HONEST!
MEANWHILE, LENNIE AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS HAD REACHED THE GAMBLING BOAT AND LENNIE ISSUED LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS.
YOU WAIT HERE IN THE BOAT, SKID! DORIS, YOU COME WITH ME--IT'LL LOOK MORE SOCIAL-- AND SKID, BE READY TO CAST OFF!
I HOPE THIS WORKS--NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, IT DON'T LOOK SO EASY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SKID? GETTIN' COLD FEET?
HELLO, LENNIE, WHAT GIVES?
SAY, GET A LOAD OF THIS JOINT! SOME CLASS, I'LL SAY!
CAME TO SEE MIKE--GOT SOME BUSINESS TO TALK OVER WITH HIM!
MIKE, THAT CORBIN GUY IS HERE!
BRING HIM IN, LOUIE!
LOOKS LIKE WE WERE EXPECTED!
WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND, LENNIE! ME, I LIKE GUYS WHO CAN SEE WHAT'S BEST FOR THEM, FAST!
YEAH! I'M A FAST WORKER, MIKE! THIS'S QUITE A LAYOUT YOU GOT HERE! THE OFFICE SOUND PROOF?
YEAH! WHAT'S IT *TO* YOU, PUNK?
THIS, YA HEEL! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A PUNK!
SIT STILL, MIKE, OR I'LL PLUG YOU!
SAY, WHAT IS THIS?
GEE, THIS IS A GORGEOUS JOINT!
DORIS, GET A PAPER AND PENCIL OUT OF THE DESK --AN' THE GAT OUTTA THE DRAWER! MIKE, *STAND UP!* AND DON'T PRESS ANY BUTTONS!
IF THIS IS A HOIST, YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH IT!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DESK!
NO, THIS AIN'T NO HOIST--IT'S A SNATCH! NOW LISTEN, MIKE--IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ON BREATHIN', DO JUST LIKE I SAY! WE'RE LEAVIN' HERE WITH THE GAT IN MY POCKET AIMED AT YOUR SPINE! WE'RE GETTIN' INTO MY BOAT LIKE PALS, SEE... AND ANYBODY STOPS US, YOU SAY YOU'RE GOIN' IN TO SEE SLATTERY! GOT IT?
YEAH, I GOT IT, BUT YOU'RE CRAZY TO PULL A CAPER LIKE THIS!

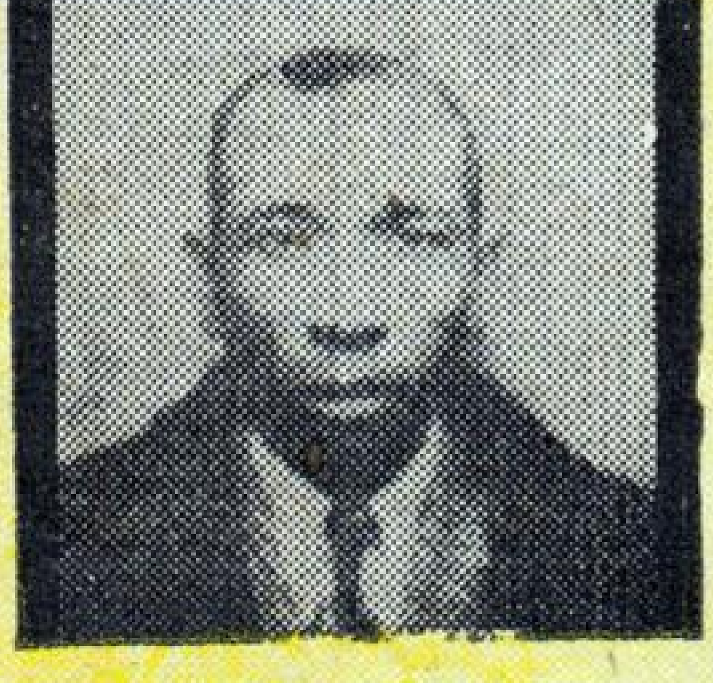

KEEP HIM COVERED WHILE I WRITE THIS NOTE, DORIS!
MY BOYS'LL PAY YOU OFF GOOD FOR THIS! YEAH, GOOD AND PLENTY!
OKAY, LENNIE, TAKE YOUR TIME! THIS GUY OUGHTTA BE GOOD FOR PLENTY O' RANSOM DOUGH WITH A LAYOUT LIKE THIS!
THERE--THIS'S THE BABY THAT'LL BRING IN THE LOOT...
BRING $500,000 IN SMALL BILLS TO PIER 4! COME BY BOAT, THROW BAG WITH MONEY ON TOP OF PIER, THEN SCRAM! FOLLOW THIS EXACTLY OR YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR BOSS, MIKE DE ANGELUS, AGAIN!
OKAY, MIKE, MAKE LIKE WE'RE PALS, SEE! SMILE, MIKE, SMILE. THIS AIN'T NO FUNERAL--YET! REMEMBER, IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG YOU GET IT FIRST! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU TO SAY IF ANYBODY GETS CURIOUS... JUST SPEAK UP REAL NICE!
OKAY, LENNIE, I'LL PLAY IT YOUR WAY! DON'T LET THAT GAT GO OFF BY MISTAKE!
EVERYTHING WENT OFF JUST AS LENNIE HAD PLANNED! MIKE SPOKE HIS PIECE TO HIS GANGPLANK GUARD, AND THE TRIO WENT DOWN TO THE WAITING SPEEDBOAT! TEN MINUTES LATER THEY REACHED DOCK 4...
LENNIE, I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU--YOU SURE PULLED THAT OFF SLICK! TAKING BIG-SHOT MIKE DE ANGELUS OFF HIS OWN BOAT UNDER THE NOSES OF HIS OWN ARMY! WOW!
HE AIN'T SUCH A BIG SHOT NOW, IS HE? LIKE I TOLD YOU, SKID, WHERE I AM--I'M TOP GUY, SEE... NOBODY ELSE BUT ME! C'MON, GET A MOVE ON, BIG SHOT!
THAT'S THEM! LET THEM HAVE IT,
BULLS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, FAST!
DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M SKIPPIN'?
NO! NO! AHHHH!
RUN, DORIS!
SOMETHIN' HAPPENED, THE WHOLE CAPER'S GONE SOUR! WE GOTTA SKIP TOWN AN' LAY LOW AND WE GOTTA DO IT FAST! WE GOTTA GET A FAST STAKE, TOO, TO SEE US THROUGH!
LISTEN, LENNIE, THE FACTORIES PAY OFF TONIGHT! THERE'S A CHECK CASHIN' JOINT A COUPLA BLOCKS FROM HERE WE CAN KNOCK OVER FOR A FAST STAKE...
WHERE'D THEY GET YOU, SAUL?
HERE'S THE PLACE...
OKAY... WE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE! WE KNOCK THIS OVER FAST AND GET OUT OF TOWN BEFORE THE COPS CAN COVER THE RAILROAD STATIONS! YOU STAY HERE AS LOOKOUT, DORIS!
NOTARY PUBLIC
I'M SORRY, GENTS, WE'RE CLOS... HEY.. GUNS... THEY GOT!
SHUT UP AN' PUT UP YOUR HANDS--THIS'S A STICK-UP! SKID, GET BACK THERE AN' GRAB TH' DOUGH!
RIGHT!


NO! BENNY! DROP THE GUN--THESE ARE KILLERS! BENNY.
TOO BAD HE DIDN'T TAKE YOUR ADVICE! GOT IT, SKID?
YEAH!
UGH-MY ARM!
BENNY, MY BOY, THOSE DIRTY RATS, THOSE GUTTER LICE!
DID YA HAVE TO SHOOT? THERE'S A COP COMIN' DOWN THE.....
STOP WHERE YOU ARE! DROP YOUR GUNS!
LENNIE! LOOK OUT!
HE GOT ME... MY ARM!
TRY AND MAKE ME, LOUD-MOUTH!
CAN'T SHOOT! MIGHT HIT SOME INNOCENT BYSTANDER!
I'M ALL RIGHT--I'LL MAKE OUT OKAY!
SKID CAUGHT ONE! WE CAN'T TAKE HIM WITH US LIKE THAT, IT WOULD BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY!
DORIS'S RIGHT, SKID! I HATE TO DO THIS BUT YOU'D ONLY GET US TAGGED! SO LONG, SKID, YOU WERE A GOOD GUY!
LENNIE... NO...YOU CAN'T AARGH!
LOOK OUT FOR THAT OLD GUY, LENNIE!
SHOOT MY BENNY, YOU DOGS?! YOU NO GOOD RATS!
I SHOW YOU GANGSTERS, THIEVES. KILL INNOCENT PEORLE.. SHOW YOU...WOUND MY BOY...MY BENNY! A GOOD BOY... I'LL SHOW YOU!
UHHHGG! TH-THAT OLD .I NEVER FIGGERED. .ERRGG!
HONEY, I-I'M SHOT! LENNIE. HON...DON'T LET...OHHHH!
SO ENDED THE CRIMINAL CAREER OF LENNIE CORBIN, AT 11:30 ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 18 TH, ONLY A SHORT WHILE AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON! LENNIE CORBIN—WHO BOASTED THAT WHEREVER HE WAS, HE WAS TOP MAN--FELL AND BLED OUT HIS LIFE IN THE GUTTER, LIKE THE RAT HE WAS, PIERCED BY BULLETS FIRED BY AN OLD MAN WHO HAD NEVER HELD A GUN IN HIS HANDS BEFORE!
THE END

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD
WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE ARREST OF
ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

WALKER HARRISON



DESCRIPTION

Age, 33, born April 18, 1885, Arcadia, Louisiana; Height, 6'; Weight, 180 pounds; Build, medium; Hair, black and kinky; Eyes, maroon; Complexion, light brown; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Occupation, laborer.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CRIMINAL RECORD

A complaint was filed October 28, 1943, before a U. S. Commissioner at Shreveport, Louisiana, charging Walker Harrison with violating Section 408e, Title 18, U. S. Code, in that he unlawfully fled from the State of Louisiana to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder.

Fingerprint Classification:

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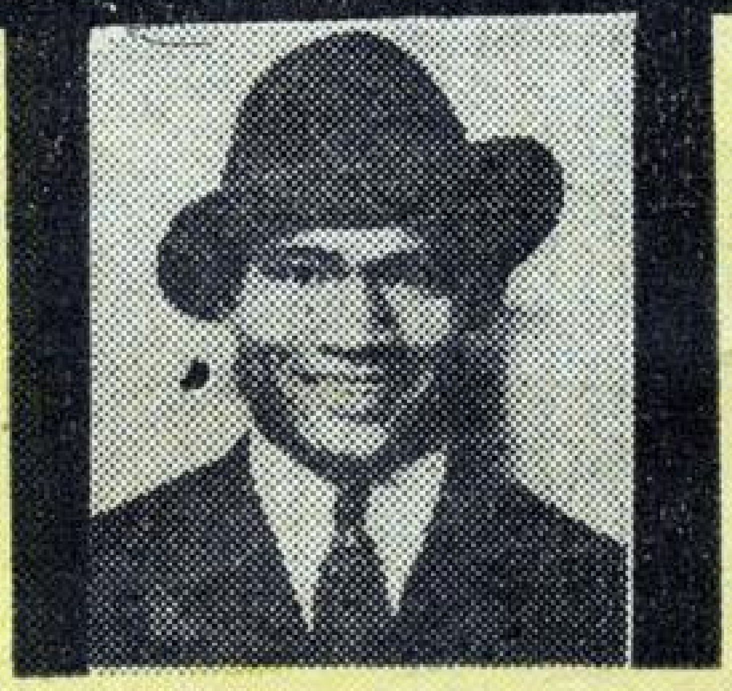
12

LAZARO AGUILIAR RAMOS



With aliases: Larry Ramos, Lazaro Ramos

DESCRIPTION

Age, 35; born February 11, 1914, Philippine Islands (not verified); Height, 5' 8"; Build, medium, muscular; Hair, black; Eyes, brown; Complexion, light brown; Race, brown; Nationality, Filipino born, believed U. S. citizen; Occupation, houseboy, bus boy, prize fighter, vegetable worker, railroad worker, movie extra; Scars and marks, tattoo left arm; Peculiarities, gambler, dresses well.

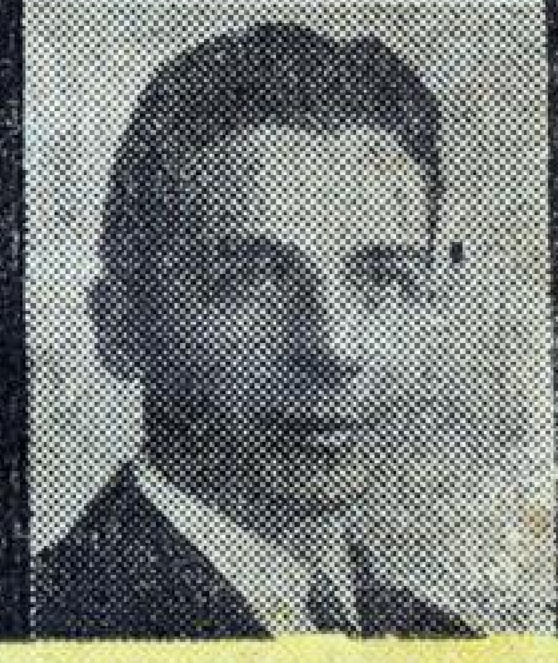
UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CRIMINAL RECORD

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Los Angeles, California, on October 7, 1942, charging subject as Lazaro Aguiliar Ramos with a violation of the Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution Statute in that he did travel in interstate commerce from Beverly Hills, California, to Seattle, Washington, with intent to avoid prosecution for the crime of murder, which crime was committed at Beverly Hills, California, on February 2, 1938.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available)

EDWIN MAURICE COLLINS



DESCRIPTION

Age, 34, born February 22, 1915, Paris, Texas; Height, 5' 10"; Weight, 150 pounds; Build, slender; Hair, black; Eyes, dark; Complexion, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, 2 years college; Occupation, magazine salesman; Peculiarities, dresses neatly.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER

CRIMINAL RECORD

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Columbus, Ohio, on November 6, 1939, charging subject as Edwin Collins with violation of the Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution Statute in that he did, on or about April 13, 1939, unlawfully travel in interstate commerce from the State of Ohio to avoid prosecution for murder, which crime was committed at Columbus, Ohio, on April 13, 1938.

Fingerprint Classification: (none available)

MARVEL
COMIC GROUP

A letter to our readers and their PARENTS!

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written; the century of Dafoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to *read what they wanted to read*. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Jean Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as advisor to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

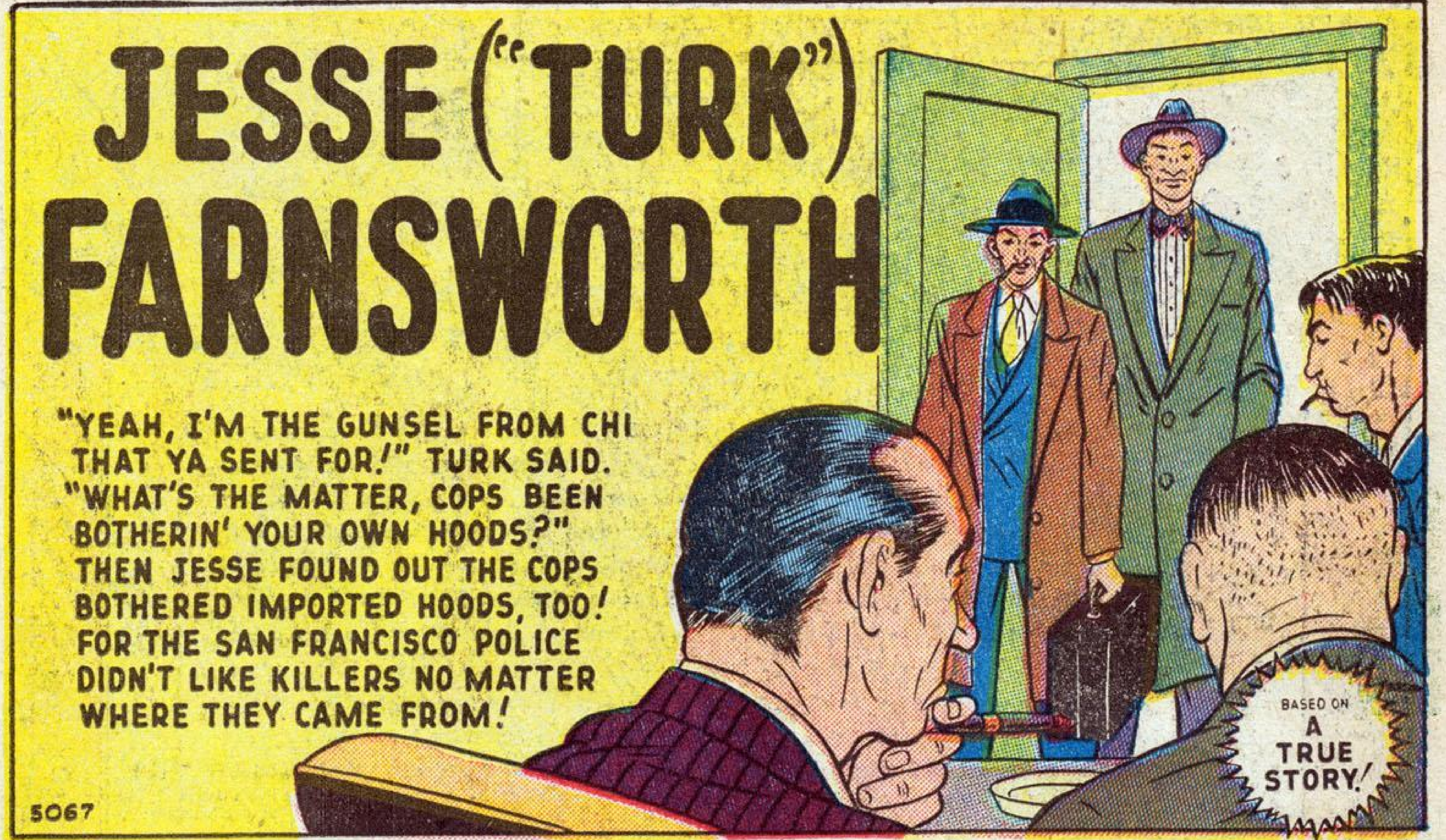
RED UNIT

- ALL WESTERN WINNERS
- BLAZE CARSON
- BLONDE PHANTOM
- CAPTAIN AMERICA
- CINDY
- COMEDY COMICS
- GEORGIE AND JUDY
- HEDY DeVINE
- HUMAN TORCH
- JEANIE
- JOKER COMICS
- KID COLT
- LANA
- MARGIE
- MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
- MILLIE THE MODEL
- NELLIE THE NURSE
- PATSY WALKER
- SUB MARINER
- TEEN COMICS
- TESSIE THE TYPIST
- TEX MORGAN
- TEX. TAYLOR
- TWO GUN KID
- WILD WESTERN
- WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

- ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
- COMPLETE MYSTERY
- CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
- FRANKIE AND LANA
- GAY COMICS
- IDEAL COMICS
- JUNIOR MISS
- JUSTICE COMICS
- LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
- MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
- MY ROMANCE
- OSCAR

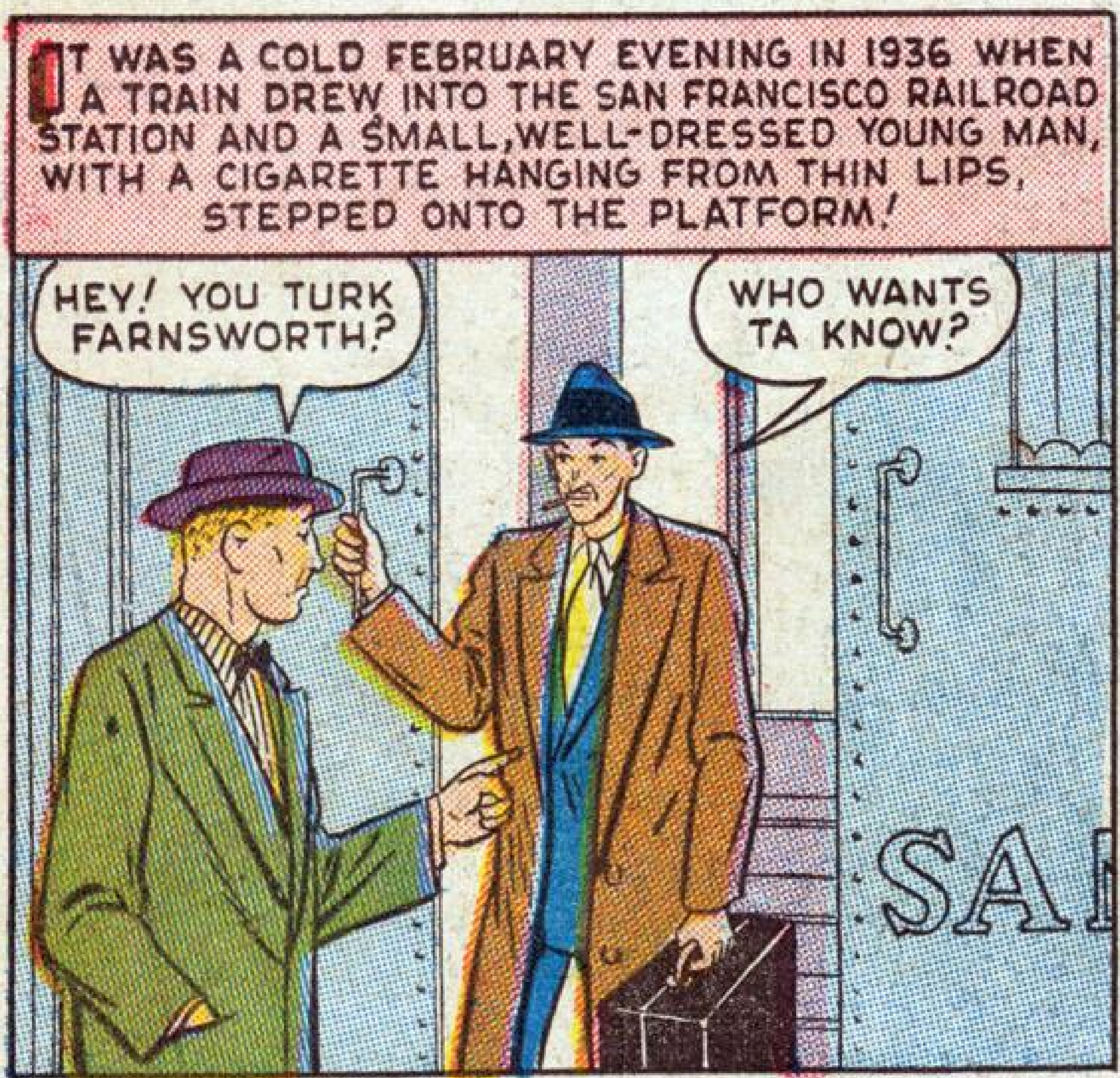
JESSE ("TURK") FARNSWORTH

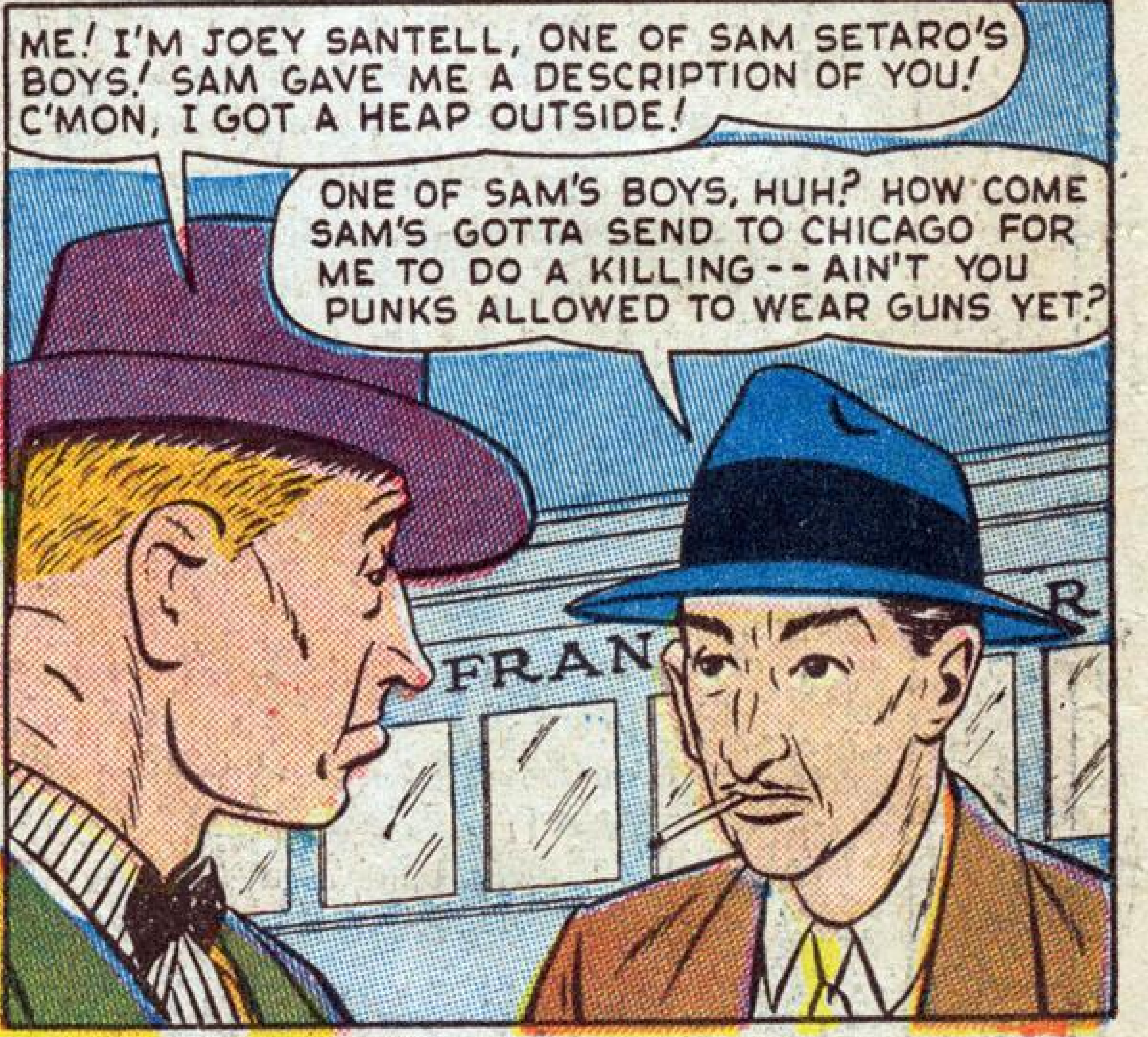

BASED ON A TRUE STORY!

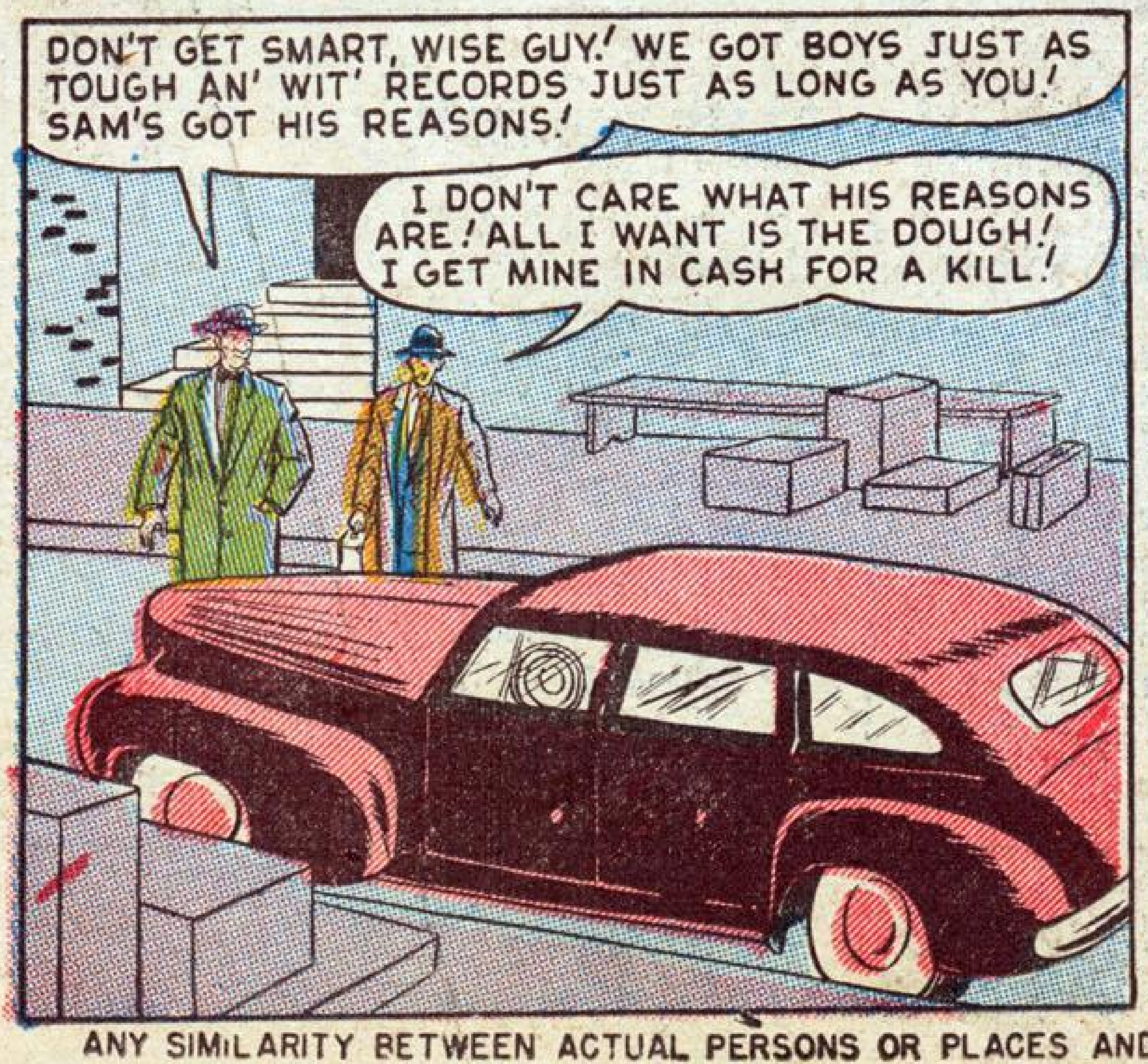
"YEAH, I'M THE GUNSEL FROM CHI THAT YA SENT FOR!" TURK SAID. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, COPS BEEN BOTHERIN' YOUR OWN HOODS?" THEN JESSE FOUND OUT THE COPS BOTHERED IMPORTED HOODS, TOO! FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DIDN'T LIKE KILLERS NO MATTER WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

5067

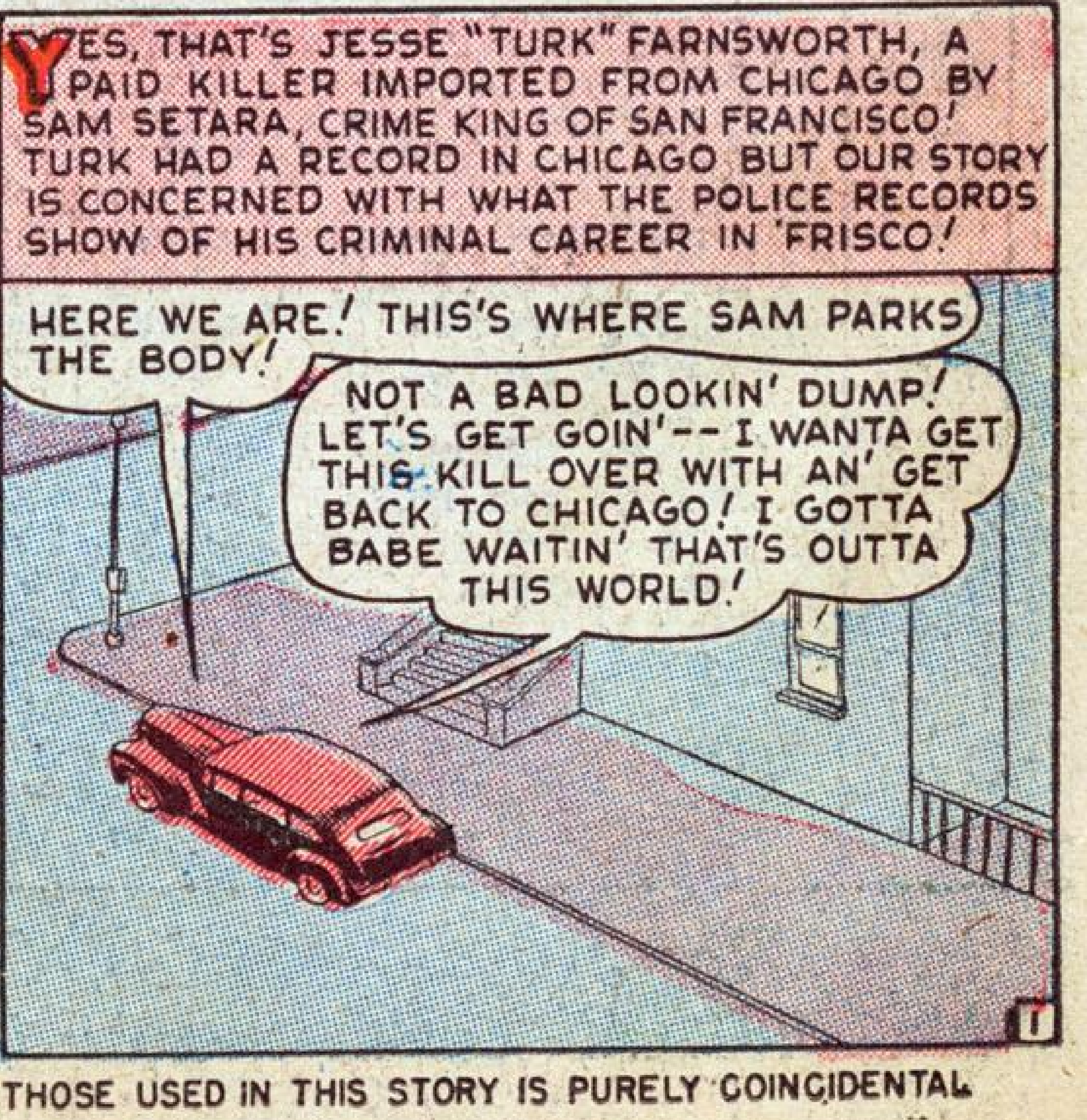
IT WAS A COLD FEBRUARY EVENING IN 1936 WHEN A TRAIN DREW INTO THE SAN FRANCISCO RAILROAD STATION AND A SMALL, WELL-DRESSED YOUNG MAN, WITH A CIGARETTE HANGING FROM THIN LIPS, STEPPED ONTO THE PLATFORM!


HEY! YOU TURK FARNSWORTH?
WHO WANTS TA KNOW?
SA

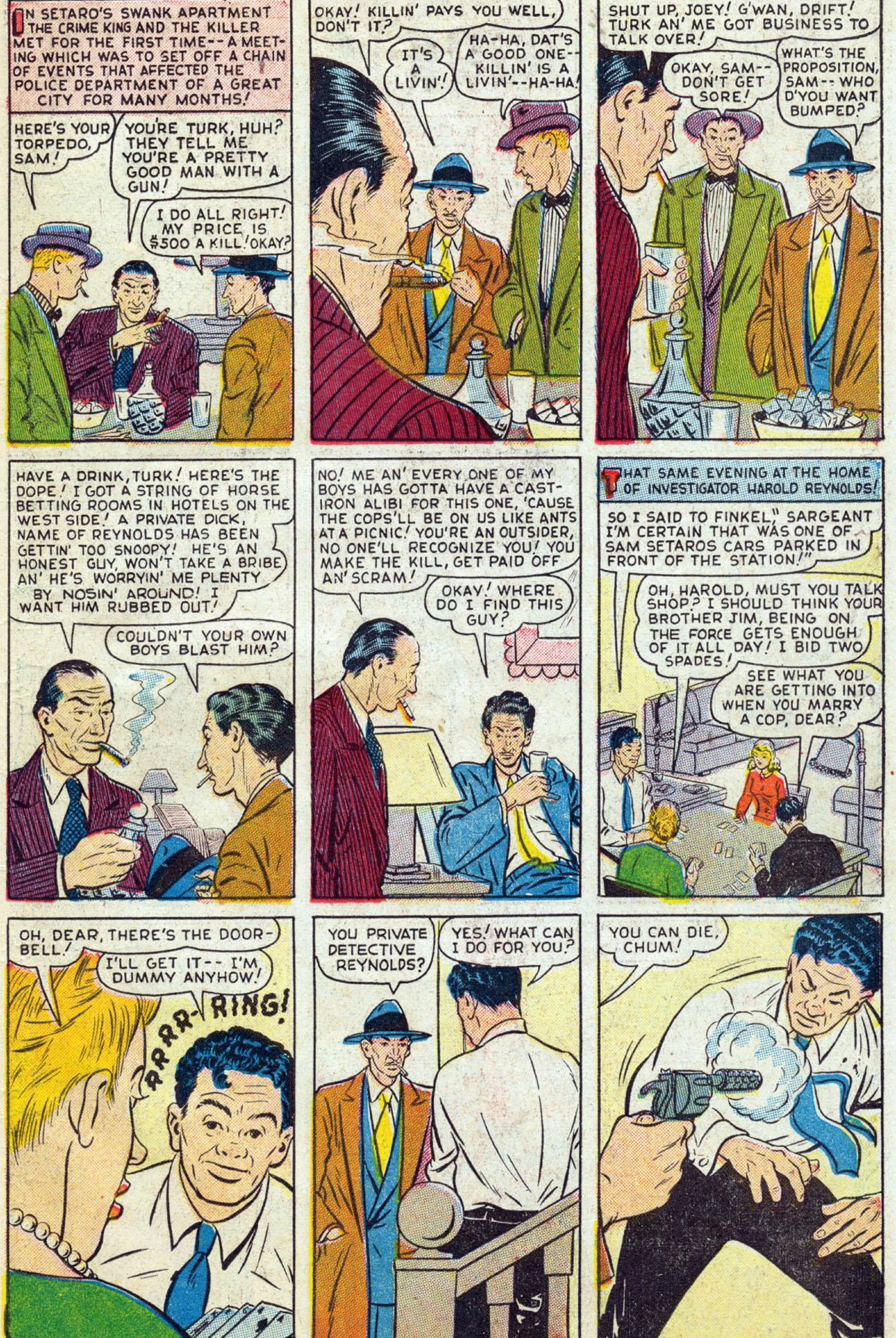

ME! I'M JOEY SANTELL, ONE OF SAM SETARO'S BOYS! SAM GAVE ME A DESCRIPTION OF YOU! C'MON, I GOT A HEAP OUTSIDE!
ONE OF SAM'S BOYS, HUH? HOW COME SAM'S GOTTA SEND TO CHICAGO FOR ME TO DO A KILLING-- AIN'T YOU PUNKS ALLOWED TO WEAR GUNS YET?
FRAN
R

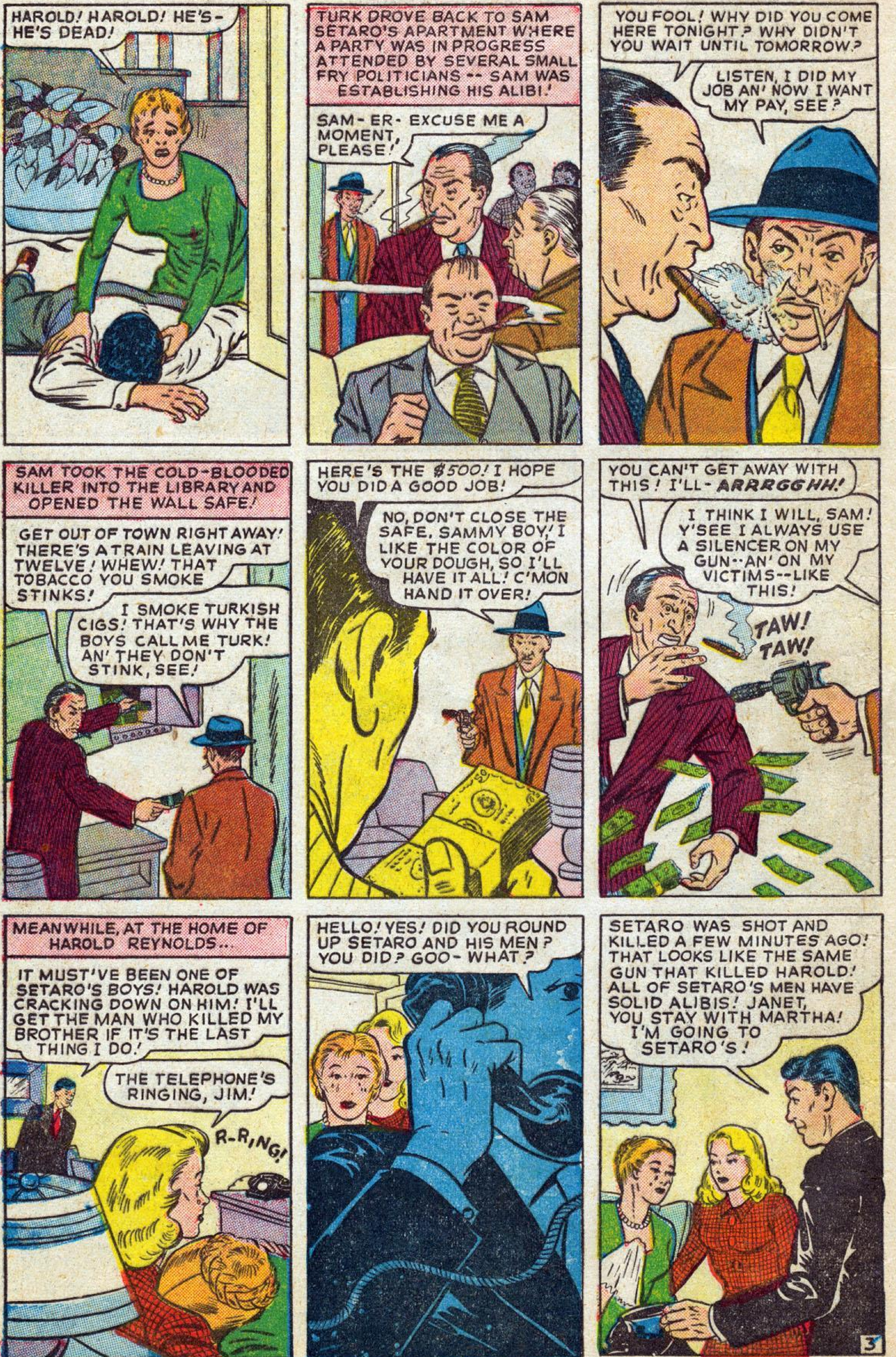

DON'T GET SMART, WISE GUY! WE GOT BOYS JUST AS TOUGH AN' WIT' RECORDS JUST AS LONG AS YOU! SAM'S GOT HIS REASONS!
I DON'T CARE WHAT HIS REASONS ARE! ALL I WANT IS THE DOUGH! I GET MINE IN CASH FOR A KILL!

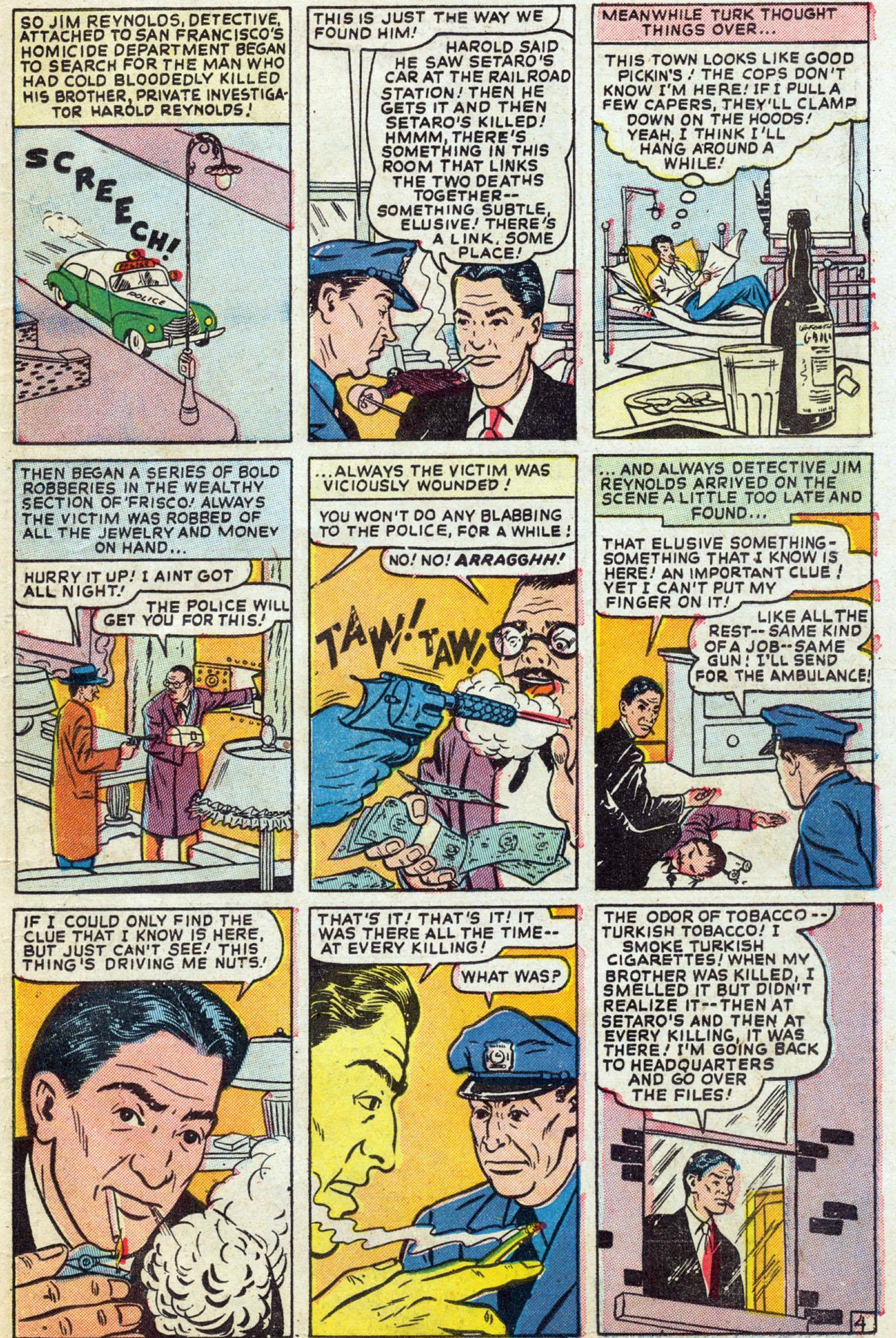
YES, THAT'S JESSE "TURK" FARNSWORTH, A PAID KILLER IMPORTED FROM CHICAGO BY SAM SETARA, CRIME KING OF SAN FRANCISCO! TURK HAD A RECORD IN CHICAGO BUT OUR STORY IS CONCERNED WITH WHAT THE POLICE RECORDS SHOW OF HIS CRIMINAL CAREER IN 'FRISCO!

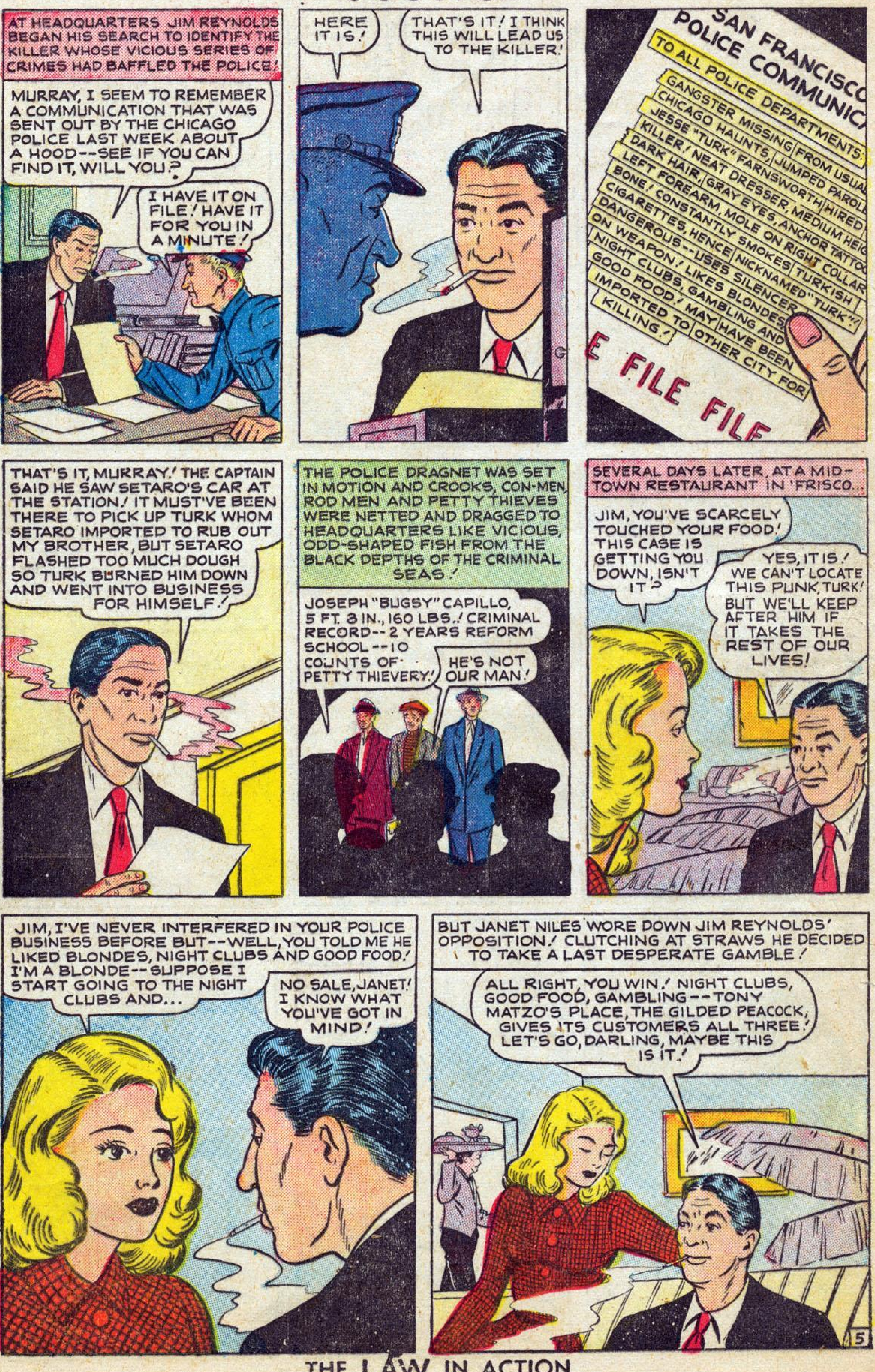

HERE WE ARE! THIS'S WHERE SAM PARKS THE BODY!
NOT A BAD LOOKIN' DUMP! LET'S GET GOIN'-- I WANTA GET THIS KILL OVER WITH AN' GET BACK TO CHICAGO! I GOTTA BABE WAITIN' THAT'S OUTTA THIS WORLD!

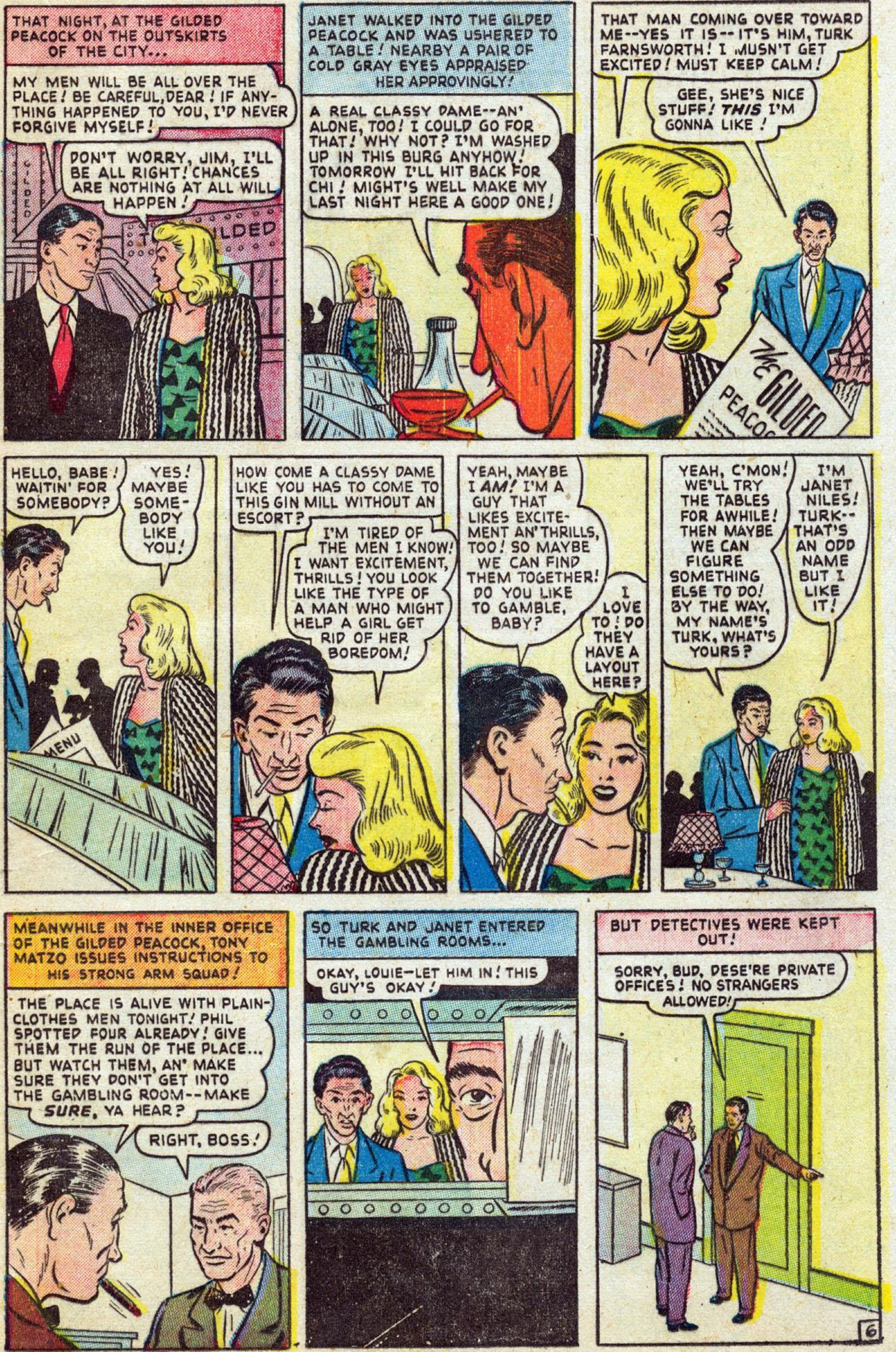
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

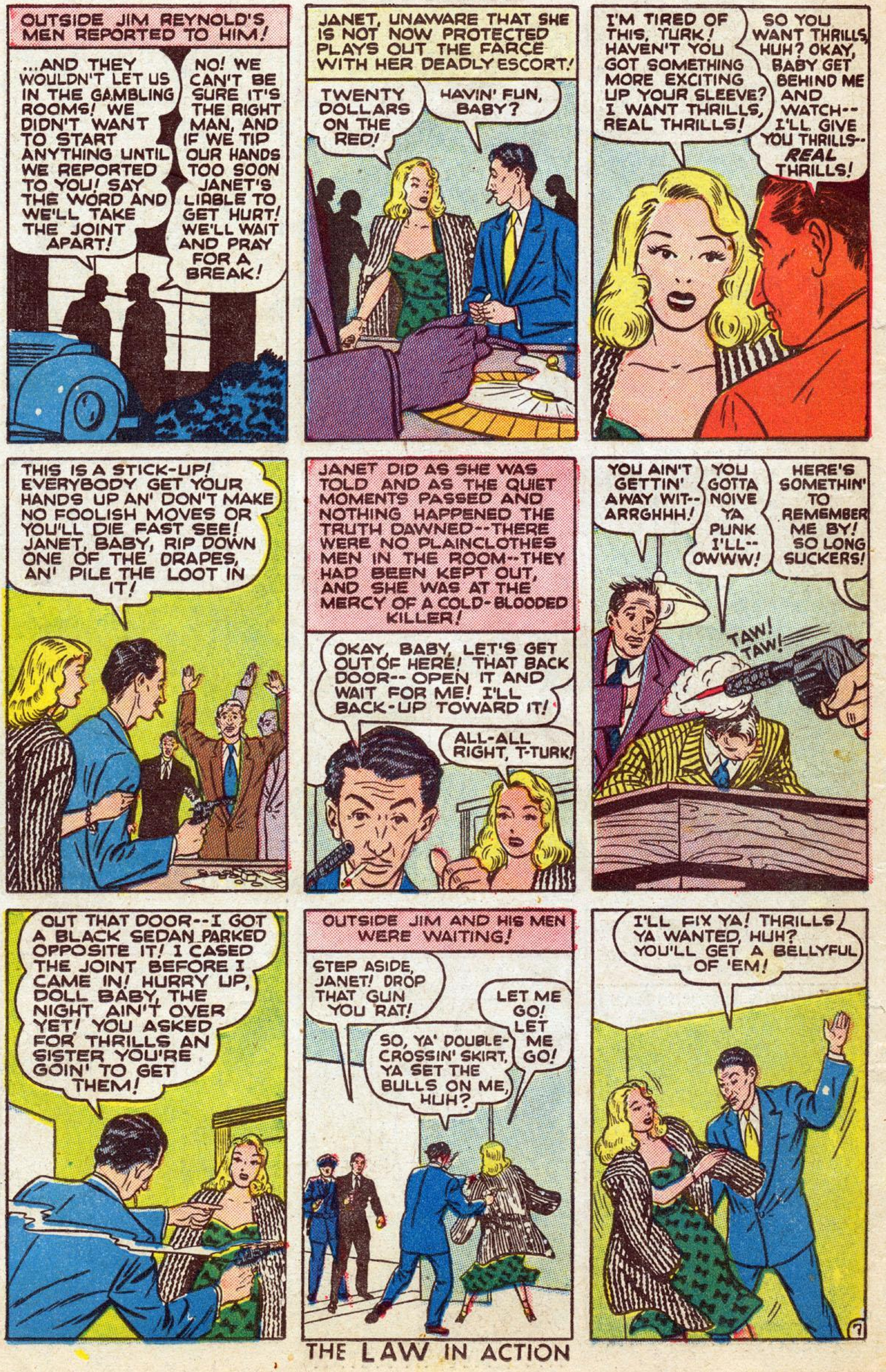

IN SETARO'S SWANK APARTMENT THE CRIME KING AND THE KILLER MET FOR THE FIRST TIME--A MEETING WHICH WAS TO SET OFF A CHAIN OF EVENTS THAT AFFECTED THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF A GREAT CITY FOR MANY MONTHS!
HERE'S YOUR TORPEDO, SAM!
YOU'RE TURK, HUH? THEY TELL ME YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD MAN WITH A GUN!
I DO ALL RIGHT! MY PRICE IS $500 A KILL! OKAY?
OKAY! KILLIN' PAYS YOU WELL, DON'T IT?
IT'S A LIVIN'!
HA-HA, DAT'S A GOOD ONE--KILLIN' IS A LIVIN'--HA-HA!
SHUT UP, JOEY! G'WAN, DRIFT! TURK AN' ME GOT BUSINESS TO TALK OVER!
OKAY, SAM--DON'T GET SORE!
WHAT'S THE PROPOSITION, SAM--WHO D'YOU WANT BUMPED?
HAVE A DRINK, TURK! HERE'S THE DOPE! I GOT A STRING OF HORSE BETTING ROOMS IN HOTELS ON THE WEST SIDE! A PRIVATE DICK, NAME OF REYNOLDS HAS BEEN GETTIN' TOO SNOOPY! HE'S AN HONEST GUY, WON'T TAKE A BRIBE AN' HE'S WORRYIN' ME PLENTY BY NOSIN' AROUND! I WANT HIM RUBBED OUT!
COULDN'T YOUR OWN BOYS BLAST HIM?
NO! ME AN' EVERY ONE OF MY BOYS HAS GOTTA HAVE A CAST-IRON ALIBI FOR THIS ONE, 'CAUSE THE COPS'LL BE ON US LIKE ANTS AT A PICNIC! YOU'RE AN OUTSIDER, NO ONE'LL RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU MAKE THE KILL, GET PAID OFF AN' SCRAM!
OKAY! WHERE DO I FIND THIS GUY?
THAT SAME EVENING AT THE HOME OF INVESTIGATOR HAROLD REYNOLDS!
SO I SAID TO FINKEL, "SARGEANT I'M CERTAIN THAT WAS ONE OF SAM SETAROS CARS PARKED IN FRONT OF THE STATION!"
OH, HAROLD, MUST YOU TALK SHOP? I SHOULD THINK YOUR BROTHER JIM, BEING ON THE FORCE GETS ENOUGH OF IT ALL DAY! I BID TWO SPADES!
SEE WHAT YOU ARE GETTING INTO WHEN YOU MARRY A COP, DEAR?
OH, DEAR, THERE'S THE DOOR-BELL!
I'LL GET IT-- I'M DUMMY ANYHOW!
RRRR-RING!
YOU PRIVATE DETECTIVE REYNOLDS?
YES! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YOU CAN DIE, CHUM!

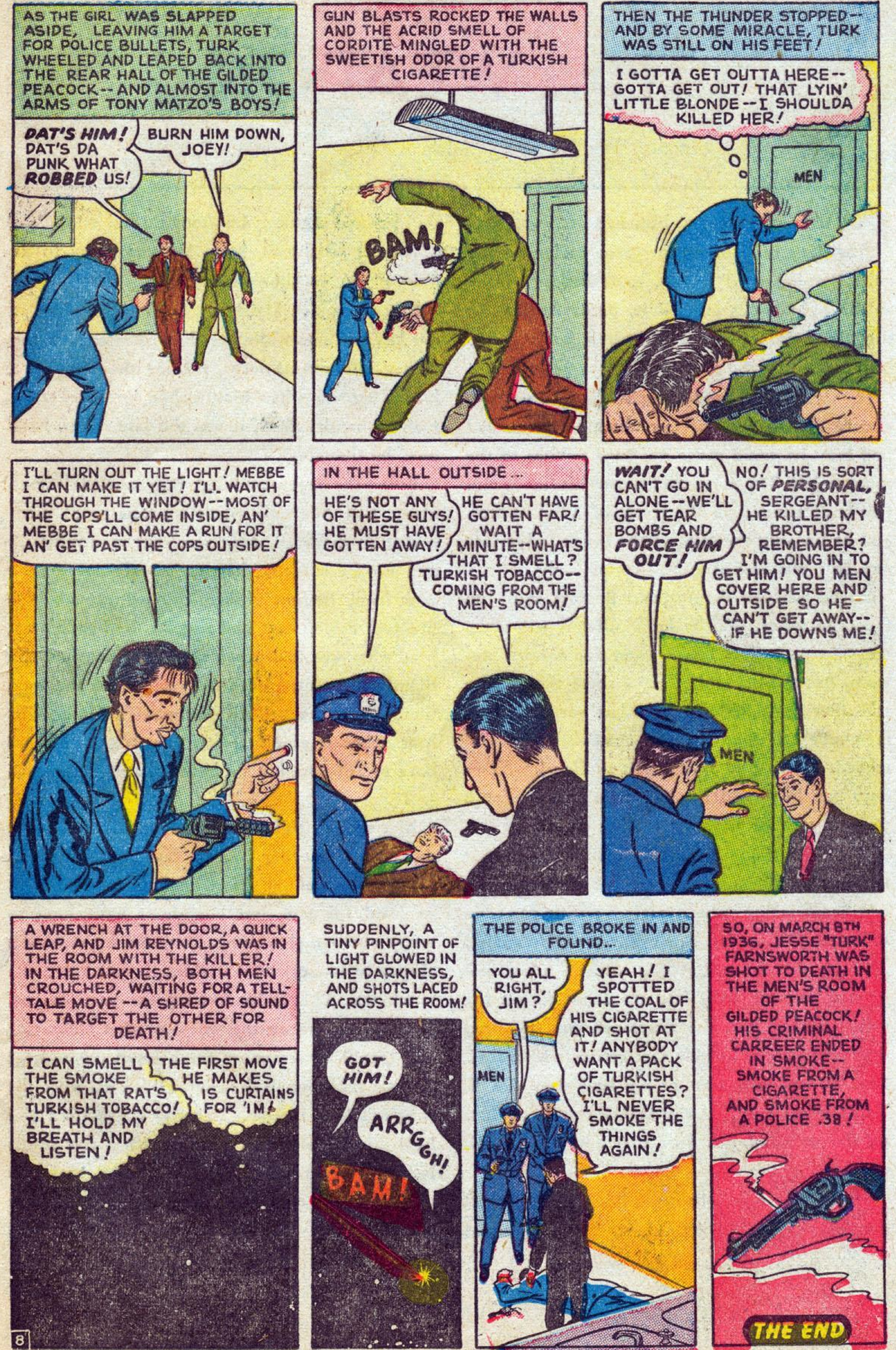

HAROLD! HAROLD! HE'S- HE'S DEAD!
TURK DROVE BACK TO SAM SETARO'S APARTMENT WHERE A PARTY WAS IN PROGRESS ATTENDED BY SEVERAL SMALL FRY POLITICIANS -- SAM WAS ESTABLISHING HIS ALIBI!
SAM- ER- EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, PLEASE!
YOU FOOL! WHY DID YOU COME HERE TONIGHT? WHY DIDN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW?
LISTEN, I DID MY JOB AN' NOW I WANT MY PAY, SEE?
SAM TOOK THE COLD-BLOODED KILLER INTO THE LIBRARY AND OPENED THE WALL SAFE!
GET OUT OF TOWN RIGHT AWAY! THERE'S A TRAIN LEAVING AT TWELVE! WHEW! THAT TOBACCO YOU SMOKE STINKS!
I SMOKE TURKISH CIGS! THAT'S WHY THE BOYS CALL ME TURK! AN' THEY DON'T STINK, SEE!
HERE'S THE $500! I HOPE YOU DID A GOOD JOB!
NO, DON'T CLOSE THE SAFE, SAMMY BOY! I LIKE THE COLOR OF YOUR DOUGH, SO I'LL HAVE IT ALL! C'MON HAND IT OVER!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I'LL- ARRRGGHH!
I THINK I WILL, SAM! Y'SEE I ALWAYS USE A SILENCER ON MY GUN--AN' ON MY VICTIMS--LIKE THIS!
TAW! TAW!
MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF HAROLD REYNOLDS..
IT MUST'VE BEEN ONE OF SETARO'S BOYS! HAROLD WAS CRACKING DOWN ON HIM! I'LL GET THE MAN WHO KILLED MY BROTHER IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
THE TELEPHONE'S RINGING, JIM!
R-RING!
HELLO! YES! DID YOU ROUND UP SETARO AND HIS MEN? YOU DID? GOO- WHAT?
SETARO WAS SHOT AND KILLED A FEW MINUTES AGO! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE SAME GUN THAT KILLED HAROLD! ALL OF SETARO'S MEN HAVE SOLID ALIBIS! JANET, YOU STAY WITH MARTHA! I'M GOING TO SETARO'S!
3


SO JIM REYNOLDS, DETECTIVE, ATTACHED TO SAN FRANCISCO'S HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR THE MAN WHO HAD COLD BLOODEDLY KILLED HIS BROTHER, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR HAROLD REYNOLDS!
SCREECH!
POLICE
THIS IS JUST THE WAY WE FOUND HIM!
HAROLD SAID HE SAW SETARO'S CAR AT THE RAILROAD STATION! THEN HE GETS IT AND THEN SETARO'S KILLED! HMMM, THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS ROOM THAT LINKS THE TWO DEATHS TOGETHER-- SOMETHING SUBTLE, ELUSIVE! THERE'S A LINK, SOME PLACE!
MEANWHILE TURK THOUGHT THINGS OVER...
THIS TOWN LOOKS LIKE GOOD PICKIN'S! THE COPS DON'T KNOW I'M HERE! IF I PULL A FEW CAPERS, THEY'LL CLAMP DOWN ON THE HOODS! YEAH, I THINK I'LL HANG AROUND A WHILE!
THEN BEGAN A SERIES OF BOLD ROBBERIES IN THE WEALTHY SECTION OF 'FRISCO! ALWAYS THE VICTIM WAS ROBBED OF ALL THE JEWELRY AND MONEY ON HAND...
HURRY IT UP! I AINT GOT ALL NIGHT!
THE POLICE WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!
...ALWAYS THE VICTIM WAS VICIOUSLY WOUNDED!
YOU WON'T DO ANY BLABBING TO THE POLICE, FOR A WHILE!
NO! NO! ARRAGGHH!
TAW! TAW!
...AND ALWAYS DETECTIVE JIM REYNOLDS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE A LITTLE TOO LATE AND FOUND...
THAT ELUSIVE SOMETHING- SOMETHING THAT I KNOW IS HERE! AN IMPORTANT CLUE! YET I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT!
LIKE ALL THE REST-- SAME KIND OF A JOB--SAME GUN! I'LL SEND FOR THE AMBULANCE!
IF I COULD ONLY FIND THE CLUE THAT I KNOW IS HERE, BUT JUST CAN'T SEE! THIS THING'S DRIVING ME NUTS!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! IT WAS THERE ALL THE TIME-- AT EVERY KILLING!
WHAT WAS?
THE ODOR OF TOBACCO-- TURKISH TOBACCO! I SMOKE TURKISH CIGARETTES! WHEN MY BROTHER WAS KILLED, I SMELLED IT BUT DIDN'T REALIZE IT--THEN AT SETARO'S AND THEN AT EVERY KILLING, IT WAS THERE! I'M GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND GO OVER THE FILES!
4


AT HEADQUARTERS JIM REYNOLDS BEGAN HIS SEARCH TO IDENTIFY THE KILLER WHOSE VICIOUS SERIES OF CRIMES HAD BAFFLED THE POLICE!
MURRAY, I SEEM TO REMEMBER A COMMUNICATION THAT WAS SENT OUT BY THE CHICAGO POLICE LAST WEEK ABOUT A HOOD--SEE IF YOU CAN FIND IT, WILL YOU?
I HAVE IT ON FILE! HAVE IT FOR YOU IN A MINUTE!
HERE IT IS!
THAT'S IT! I THINK THIS WILL LEAD US TO THE KILLER!
SAN FRANCISCO
POLICE COMMUNIC
TO ALL POLICE DEPARTMENTS:
GANGSTER MISSING FROM USUAL
CHICAGO HAUNTS, JUMPED PAROL
JESSE "TURK" FARNSWORTH HIRED
KILLER! NEAT DRESSER, MEDIUM HEIG
DARK HAIR, GRAY EYES, ANCHOR TATTO
LEFT FOREARM, MOLE ON RIGHT COLLAR
BONE! CONSTANTLY SMOKES TURKISH
CIGARETTES, HENCE NICKNAMED "TURK"!
DANGEROUS--USES SILENCER
ON WEAPON! LIKES BLONDES,
NIGHT CLUBS, GAMBLING AND
GOOD FOOD! MAY HAVE BEEN
IMPORTED TO OTHER CITY FOR
KILLING!
FILE FILE
THAT'S IT, MURRAY! THE CAPTAIN SAID HE SAW SETARO'S CAR AT THE STATION! IT MUST'VE BEEN THERE TO PICK UP TURK WHOM SETARO IMPORTED TO RUB OUT MY BROTHER, BUT SETARO FLASHED TOO MUCH DOUGH SO TURK BURNED HIM DOWN AND WENT INTO BUSINESS FOR HIMSELF!
THE POLICE DRAGNET WAS SET IN MOTION AND CROOKS, CON-MEN, ROD MEN AND PETTY THIEVES WERE NETTED AND DRAGGED TO HEADQUARTERS LIKE VICIOUS, ODD-SHAPED FISH FROM THE BLACK DEPTHS OF THE CRIMINAL SEAS!
JOSEPH "BUGSY" CAPILLO, 5 FT. 8 IN., 160 LBS.! CRIMINAL RECORD--2 YEARS REFORM SCHOOL--10 COUNTS OF PETTY THIEVERY!
HE'S NOT OUR MAN!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT A MID-TOWN RESTAURANT IN 'FRISCO...
JIM, YOU'VE SCARCELY TOUCHED YOUR FOOD! THIS CASE IS GETTING YOU DOWN, ISN'T IT?
YES, IT IS! WE CAN'T LOCATE THIS PUNK, TURK! BUT WE'LL KEEP AFTER HIM IF IT TAKES THE REST OF OUR LIVES!
JIM, I'VE NEVER INTERFERED IN YOUR POLICE BUSINESS BEFORE BUT--WELL, YOU TOLD ME HE LIKED BLONDES, NIGHT CLUBS AND GOOD FOOD! I'M A BLONDE--SUPPOSE I START GOING TO THE NIGHT CLUBS AND...
NO SALE, JANET! I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT IN MIND!
BUT JANET NILES WORE DOWN JIM REYNOLDS' OPPOSITION! CLUTCHING AT STRAWS HE DECIDED TO TAKE A LAST DESPERATE GAMBLE!
ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN! NIGHT CLUBS, GOOD FOOD, GAMBLING--TONY MATZO'S PLACE, THE GILDED PEACOCK, GIVES ITS CUSTOMERS ALL THREE! LET'S GO, DARLING, MAYBE THIS IS IT!


THAT NIGHT, AT THE GILDED PEACOCK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...
MY MEN WILL BE ALL OVER THE PLACE! BE CAREFUL, DEAR! IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!
DON'T WORRY, JIM, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! CHANCES ARE NOTHING AT ALL WILL HAPPEN!
GILDED
THE GILDED
JANET WALKED INTO THE GILDED PEACOCK AND WAS USHERED TO A TABLE! NEARBY A PAIR OF COLD GRAY EYES APPRAISED HER APPROVINGLY!
A REAL CLASSY DAME--AN' ALONE, TOO! I COULD GO FOR THAT! WHY NOT? I'M WASHED UP IN THIS BURG ANYHOW! TOMORROW I'LL HIT BACK FOR CHI! MIGHT'S WELL MAKE MY LAST NIGHT HERE A GOOD ONE!
THAT MAN COMING OVER TOWARD ME--YES IT IS--IT'S HIM, TURK FARNSWORTH! I MUSN'T GET EXCITED! MUST KEEP CALM!
GEE, SHE'S NICE STUFF! THIS I'M GONNA LIKE!
The GILDED PEACOC
HELLO, BABE! WAITIN' FOR SOMEBODY?
YES! MAYBE SOMEBODY LIKE YOU!
MENU
HOW COME A CLASSY DAME LIKE YOU HAS TO COME TO THIS GIN MILL WITHOUT AN ESCORT?
I'M TIRED OF THE MEN I KNOW! I WANT EXCITEMENT, THRILLS! YOU LOOK LIKE THE TYPE OF A MAN WHO MIGHT HELP A GIRL GET RID OF HER BOREDOM!
YEAH, MAYBE I AM! I'M A GUY THAT LIKES EXCITEMENT AN' THRILLS, TOO! SO MAYBE WE CAN FIND THEM TOGETHER! DO YOU LIKE TO GAMBLE, BABY?
I LOVE TO! DO THEY HAVE A LAYOUT HERE?
YEAH, C'MON! WE'LL TRY THE TABLES FOR AWHILE! THEN MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE SOMETHING ELSE TO DO! BY THE WAY, MY NAME'S TURK, WHAT'S YOURS?
I'M JANET NILES! TURK--THAT'S AN ODD NAME BUT I LIKE IT!
MEANWHILE IN THE INNER OFFICE OF THE GILDED PEACOCK, TONY MATZO ISSUES INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS STRONG ARM SQUAD!
THE PLACE IS ALIVE WITH PLAIN-CLOTHES MEN TONIGHT! PHIL SPOTTED FOUR ALREADY! GIVE THEM THE RUN OF THE PLACE... BUT WATCH THEM, AN' MAKE SURE THEY DON'T GET INTO THE GAMBLING ROOM--MAKE SURE, YA HEAR?
RIGHT, BOSS!
SO TURK AND JANET ENTERED THE GAMBLING ROOMS...
OKAY, LOUIE—LET HIM IN! THIS GUY'S OKAY!
BUT DETECTIVES WERE KEPT OUT!
SORRY, BUD, DESE'RE PRIVATE OFFICES! NO STRANGERS ALLOWED!


OUTSIDE JIM REYNOLD'S MEN REPORTED TO HIM!
...AND THEY WOULDN'T LET US IN THE GAMBLING ROOMS! WE DIDN'T WANT TO START ANYTHING UNTIL WE REPORTED TO YOU! SAY THE WORD AND WE'LL TAKE THE JOINT APART!
NO! WE CAN'T BE SURE IT'S THE RIGHT MAN, AND IF WE TIP OUR HANDS TOO SOON JANET'S LIABLE TO GET HURT! WE'LL WAIT AND PRAY FOR A BREAK!
JANET, UNAWARE THAT SHE IS NOT NOW PROTECTED PLAYS OUT THE FARCE WITH HER DEADLY ESCORT!
TWENTY DOLLARS ON THE RED!
HAVIN' FUN, BABY?
I'M TIRED OF THIS, TURK! HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOMETHING MORE EXCITING UP YOUR SLEEVE? I WANT THRILLS, REAL THRILLS!
SO YOU WANT THRILLS, HUH? OKAY, BABY GET BEHIND ME AND WATCH-- I'LL GIVE YOU THRILLS-- REAL THRILLS!
THIS IS A STICK-UP! EVERYBODY GET YOUR HANDS UP AN' DON'T MAKE NO FOOLISH MOVES OR YOU'LL DIE FAST SEE! JANET, BABY, RIP DOWN ONE OF THE DRAPES, AN' PILE THE LOOT IN IT!
JANET DID AS SHE WAS TOLD AND AS THE QUIET MOMENTS PASSED AND NOTHING HAPPENED THE TRUTH DAWNED--THERE WERE NO PLAINCLOTHES MEN IN THE ROOM--THEY HAD BEEN KEPT OUT, AND SHE WAS AT THE MERCY OF A COLD-BLOODED KILLER!
OKAY, BABY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THAT BACK DOOR-- OPEN IT AND WAIT FOR ME! I'LL BACK-UP TOWARD IT!
ALL-ALL RIGHT, T-TURK!
YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY WIT-- ARRGHHH!
YOU GOTTA NOIVE YA PUNK I'LL-- OWWW!
HERE'S SOMETHIN' TO REMEMBER ME BY! SO LONG SUCKERS!
TAW! TAW!
OUT THAT DOOR--I GOT A BLACK SEDAN PARKED OPPOSITE IT! I CASED THE JOINT BEFORE I CAME IN! HURRY UP, DOLL BABY, THE NIGHT AIN'T OVER YET! YOU ASKED FOR THRILLS AN SISTER YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET THEM!
OUTSIDE JIM AND HIS MEN WERE WAITING!
STEP ASIDE, JANET! DROP THAT GUN YOU RAT!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
SO, YA' DOUBLE-CROSSIN' SKIRT, YA SET THE BULLS ON ME, HUH?
I'LL FIX YA! THRILLS YA WANTED, HUH? YOU'LL GET A BELLYFUL OF 'EM!
7


AS THE GIRL WAS SLAPPED ASIDE, LEAVING HIM A TARGET FOR POLICE BULLETS, TURK WHEELED AND LEAPED BACK INTO THE REAR HALL OF THE GILDED PEACOCK--AND ALMOST INTO THE ARMS OF TONY MATZO'S BOYS!
DAT'S HIM! DAT'S DA PUNK WHAT ROBBED US!
BURN HIM DOWN, JOEY!
GUN BLASTS ROCKED THE WALLS AND THE ACRID SMELL OF CORDITE MINGLED WITH THE SWEETISH ODOR OF A TURKISH CIGARETTE!
BAM!
THEN THE THUNDER STOPPED--AND BY SOME MIRACLE, TURK WAS STILL ON HIS FEET!
I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE--GOTTA GET OUT! THAT LYIN' LITTLE BLONDE--I SHOULDA KILLED HER!
MEN
I'LL TURN OUT THE LIGHT! MEBBE I CAN MAKE IT YET! I'LL WATCH THROUGH THE WINDOW--MOST OF THE COPS'LL COME INSIDE, AN' MEBBE I CAN MAKE A RUN FOR IT AN' GET PAST THE COPS OUTSIDE!
IN THE HALL OUTSIDE...
HE'S NOT ANY OF THESE GUYS! HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!
HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! WAIT A MINUTE--WHAT'S THAT I SMELL? TURKISH TOBACCO--COMING FROM THE MEN'S ROOM!
WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO IN ALONE--WE'LL GET TEAR BOMBS AND FORCE HIM OUT!
NO! THIS IS SORT OF PERSONAL, SERGEANT--HE KILLED MY BROTHER, REMEMBER? I'M GOING IN TO GET HIM! YOU MEN COVER HERE AND OUTSIDE SO HE CAN'T GET AWAY--IF HE DOWNS ME!
MEN
A WRENCH AT THE DOOR, A QUICK LEAP, AND JIM REYNOLDS WAS IN THE ROOM WITH THE KILLER! IN THE DARKNESS, BOTH MEN CROUCHED, WAITING FOR A TELL-TALE MOVE--A SHRED OF SOUND TO TARGET THE OTHER FOR DEATH!
I CAN SMELL THE SMOKE FROM THAT RAT'S TURKISH TOBACCO! I'LL HOLD MY BREATH AND LISTEN!
THE FIRST MOVE HE MAKES IS CURTAINS FOR 'IM!
SUDDENLY, A TINY PINPOINT OF LIGHT GLOWED IN THE DARKNESS, AND SHOTS LACED ACROSS THE ROOM!
GOT HIM!
ARRGGH!
BAM!
THE POLICE BROKE IN AND FOUND..
YOU ALL RIGHT, JIM?
YEAH! I SPOTTED THE COAL OF HIS CIGARETTE AND SHOT AT IT! ANYBODY WANT A PACK OF TURKISH CIGARETTES? I'LL NEVER SMOKE THE THINGS AGAIN!
MEN
SO, ON MARCH 8TH 1936, JESSE "TURK" FARNSWORTH WAS SHOT TO DEATH IN THE MEN'S ROOM OF THE GILDED PEACOCK! HIS CRIMINAL CARREER ENDED IN SMOKE--SMOKE FROM A CIGARETTE, AND SMOKE FROM A POLICE .38!
THE END

THE WEAPON

FOR over an hour now, Mac had been watching the thing bobbing on the green surface of the gulf, showing itself briefly, then ducking under as the light swells crossed its back. At first he thought it was a piece of driftwood, but that was before the metallic glitter of it was visible.

He watched it mainly because he had nothing else to do. In the position which the men had tied him, he could move his head neither to the right or left. The ropes that bound his hands and feet were secured to the trunk of a fallen tree, and he lay with the sand of the beach in his face and ants crawling over his bruised body.

So he watched the torpedo floating lazily on the calm water. Oh, he knew what it was when the twin propellors broke water for a brief moment. Around the Gulf Stream those things were still showing up, tokens of the last war when German subs had fired them at coastwise ships and missed. A wry grin split Mac's swollen lips. Two days ago he would have given a fortune for a weapon, now he had one too big to use.

With the thought, every vivid detail of that last day on the mainland came back to him. It had been raining then, a perfect setting for what followed. Oh, it was so clever, so well planned! The payroll was late getting into the plant and he had to work long into the night to get the money sorted into the envelopes, one hundred thousand dollars in bills that couldn't be traced. Sure, it was easy now to see how they did it. Tacks along the highway and a couple of flats on the armored car. Just that and the payroll was late.

It was past midnight when the men came into the office where he was alone. The one called Bull pointed a gun at his stomach and said, "We killed the watchman, bud. Are you going to be quiet or do we kill you too?"

Mac was quiet. Dying didn't appeal to him at all. He sat there while the three men stuffed the money into canvas sacks, turning their backs to him. That was when Mac wished he had kept a weapon handy. Well, it was too late for wishing now, he thought.

When the bags were filled, Bull snarled, "Come along, bub. We have plans for you too!" With a gun in his back, Mac was shoved downstairs and into a car, where they made him drive. At the waterfront the four of them climbed into a thirty-five foot fishing boat and cast off. Bull didn't tell Mac what was to happen until they reached the island. He waited until he was tied to the tree, then: "You can yell all you want to, bub. Out here nobody's going to hear you. It's too bad we have to kill you, but we have to, and that's that, see?"

Mac saw, all right, but he kept silent. Bull went on, "We're staying here a few days until the heat's off. Over on the main land it won't look so good for you, but you don't have long to worry about that anyway. They think you saw a chance to scram with some dough and killed the watchman. They'll be looking for you, not us. Your prints are on the wheel of that stolen car and they'll be searching for a small power boat that we sunk out in the channel. That's what the cops will look for, and someday they'll find you here on this island . . . dead, with a few stolen bills in your pockets. And the bullet that gets you will come from the watchman's gun. I have it here, see? He managed to shoot you before you

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PATSY WALKER

COMICS

killed him, and took his gun along for extra protection.

"After you took to the boat to escape, something happened, just one of those things that pop up when a guy is out alone in dangerous waters by himself. The boat sank and you swam to this island and died of your wound. All you got left of the pile you swiped is a few bills. The rest is buried somewhere out there a hundred feet under. That's all there will be too it. Neat, hey? The best part is that we're in the clear, spending all that dough!"

Mac shuddered at the thought of it, groaning in despair. It was then that he felt the rain. It was just a little cloud that hung over the island as it did every evening, but in a minute the rain poured down. It pelted on him and the torpedo that still bobbed in the water. For the first time, Mac felt a glimmer of hope. It grew stronger every second, for the water was loosening his bonds.

It happened so quickly he scarcely realized it. One moment he was tied, then his ropes stretched and he wriggled free! This was his one and only chance. There would be no second time. Now, while the men were back in the shelter, was the time to act!

The torpedo . . . the weapon . . . he wasn't helpless after all. Still rubbing his arms to restore the circulation, Mac waded out to the sleek metal monster, the ropes in his hands. He tied the pieces together to form one long strand, then snubbed it around the nose of the torpedo. He knew at once that the warhead was intact and that the slightest jar of the sensitive nose would set it off. Towing the thing behind him, Mac began to swim.

It was a long and tedious task. His muscles cried in agony, but he kept on. Slowly, he rounded the cove to where the boat lay with its stolen wealth. It took only a minute to tie the end of the rope around the propeller shaft. In the darkness the men would never see what was attached to their craft. Swiftly then, his job done, he swam for the shore and the safety of the trees.

Nor was he any too soon. Bull came out of the shack with the men. With gun in hand he walked to the fallen tree where Mac had been tied, then bellowed his astonishment when he found his captive gone. They dashed up and down the beach, back and forth and scoured the tiny jungle in their fury, but none of them came close to the brush pile that concealed their victim.

They knew this changed their plans somewhat. Now it meant instant flight, and they dare not waste a minute. Mac heard Bull tell the others that it would be days before the police reached the island, and there was no chance of his swimming for help in those shark-infested waters. With a feeling of some security, they boarded the boat.

Mac heard the motor start up with a low purr. He could even see the outlines of the men silhouetted against the moon that was coming up behind them. They paddled out of the cove, then Bull threw in the clutch and engaged the propeller. Turning sharply, the boat headed out toward the open sea.

Mac held his breath, counting the seconds. It wasn't going to take long for that spinning shaft to draw the torpedo in close. The finish came in a blinding flash of light that sent a geyser of water a hundred feet into the fair, showering the island with debris. Mac ducked behind the trees until all was quiet again, then with a grin, he sat down to wait.

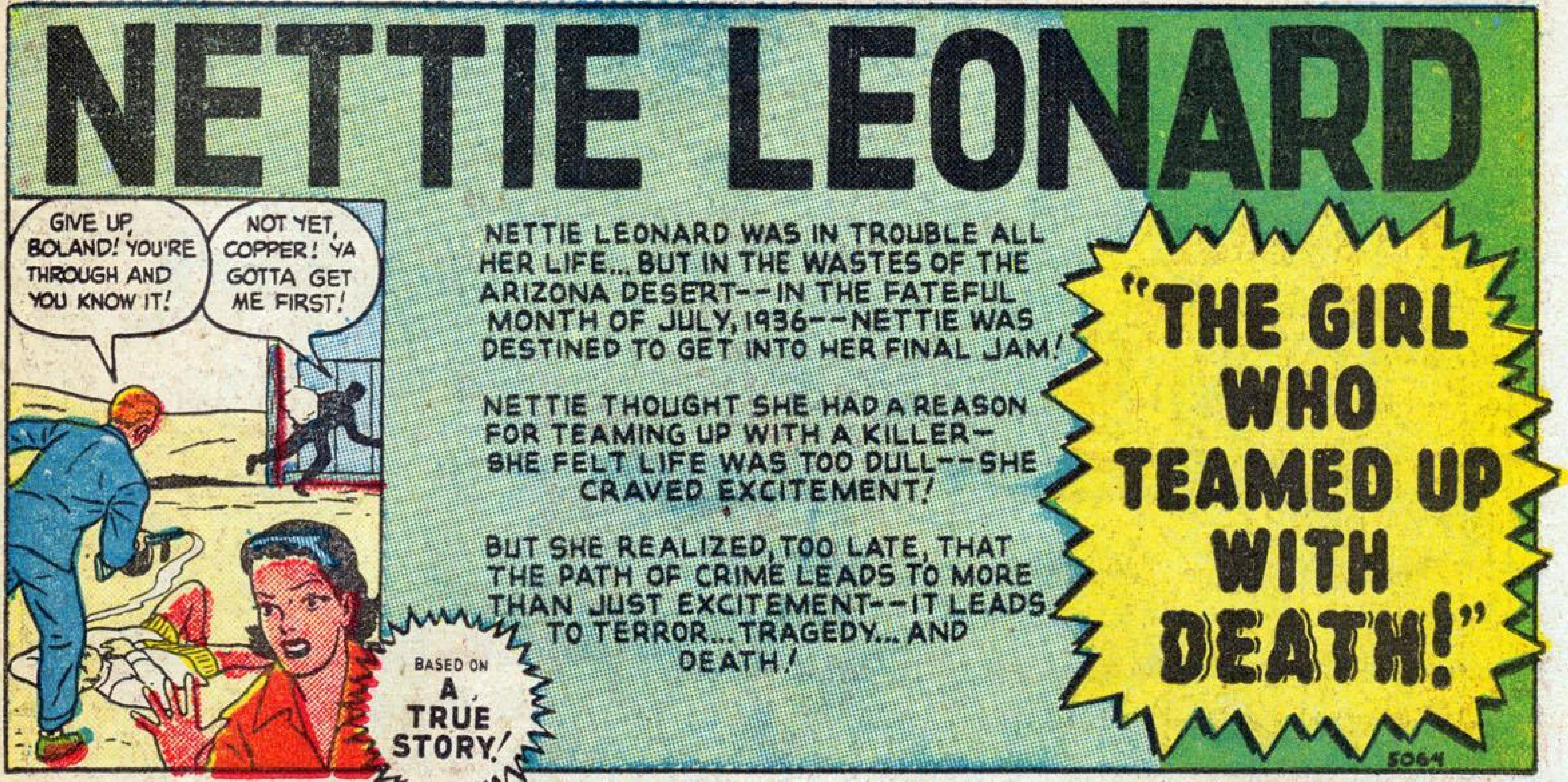
Yes, the Harbor Police saw that flash from the mainland They came speeding across the water to find the cove and the beach littered with bills, and a bedraggled figure sitting on a log, patiently awaiting their arrival.

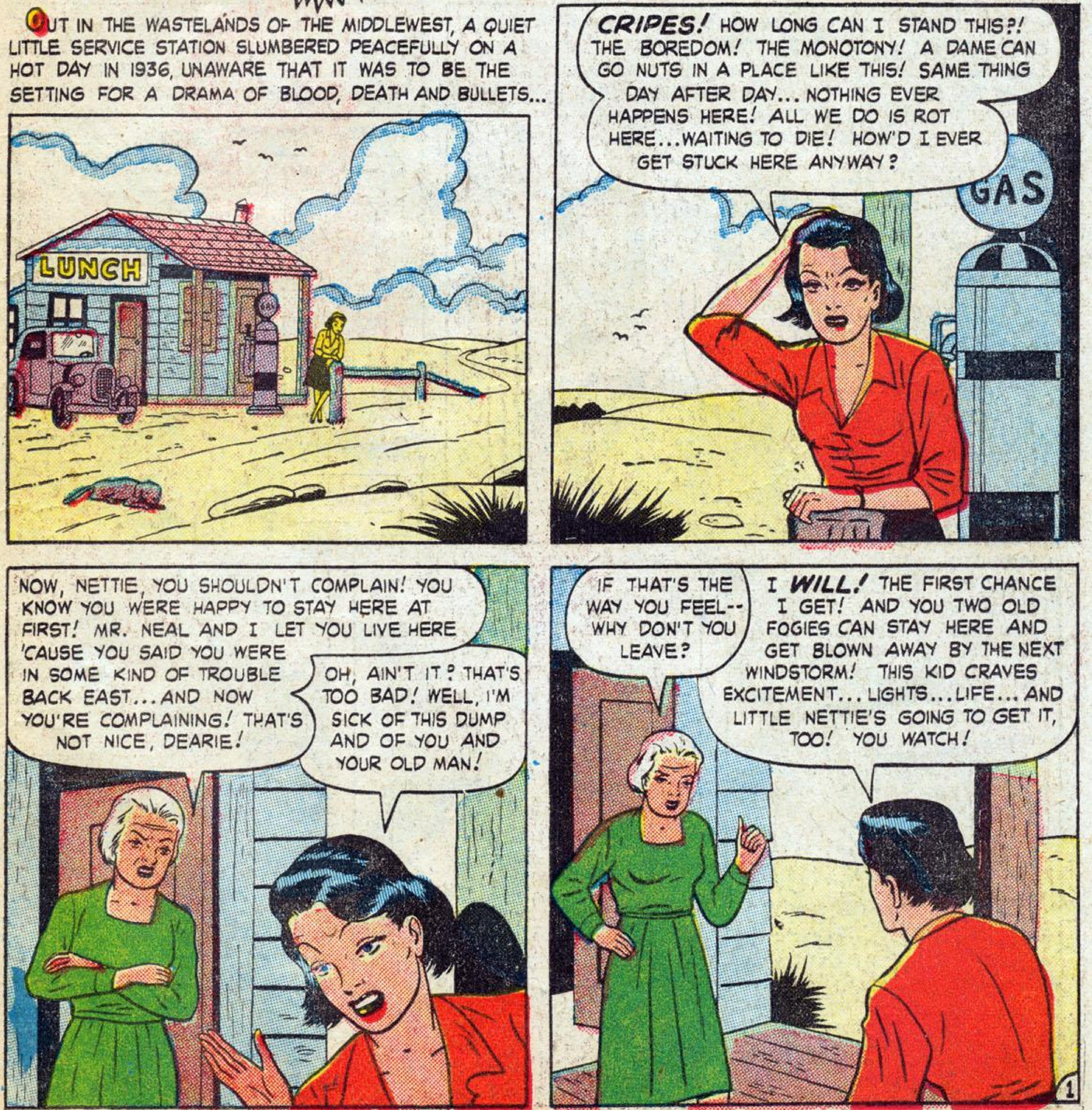
They asked for the details and Mac told them for it didn't take long. He curled up on the deck of the police launch and fell into a deep sleep, but before his eyes closed, he murmured, "Maybe now I can get that payroll made up, only this time I'll keep a weapon handy!

THE END

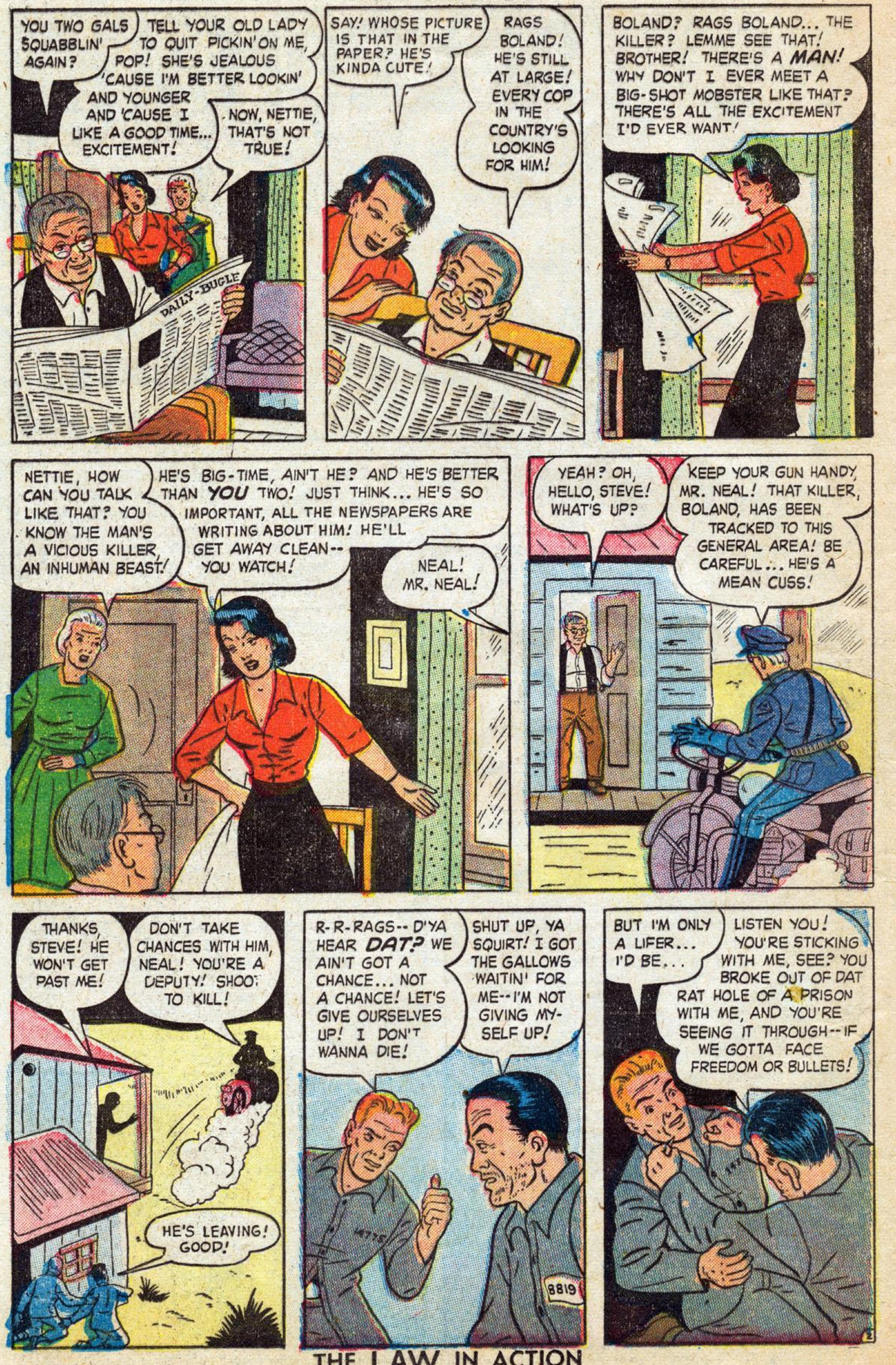
SL-3702

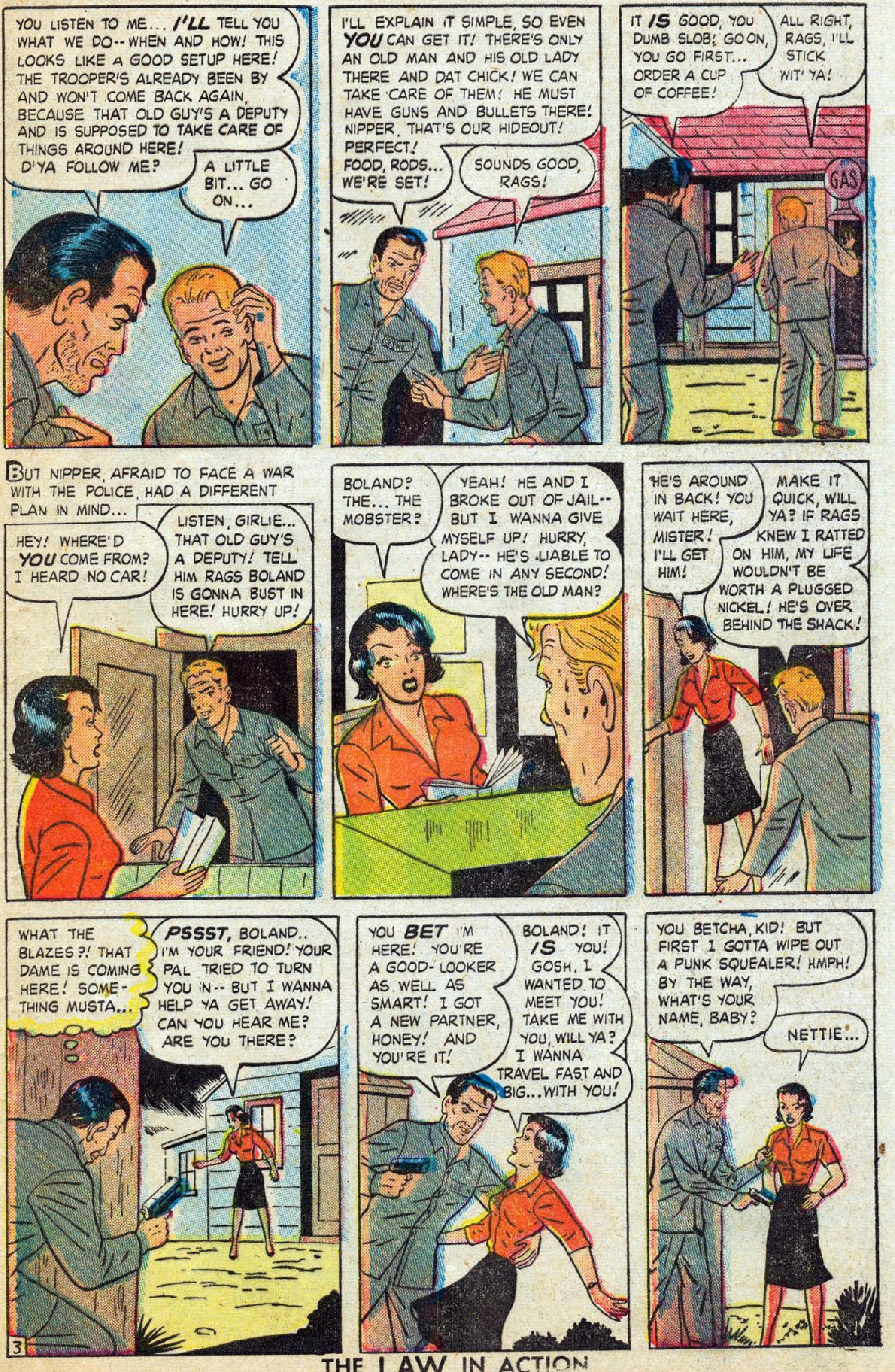
JUSTICE

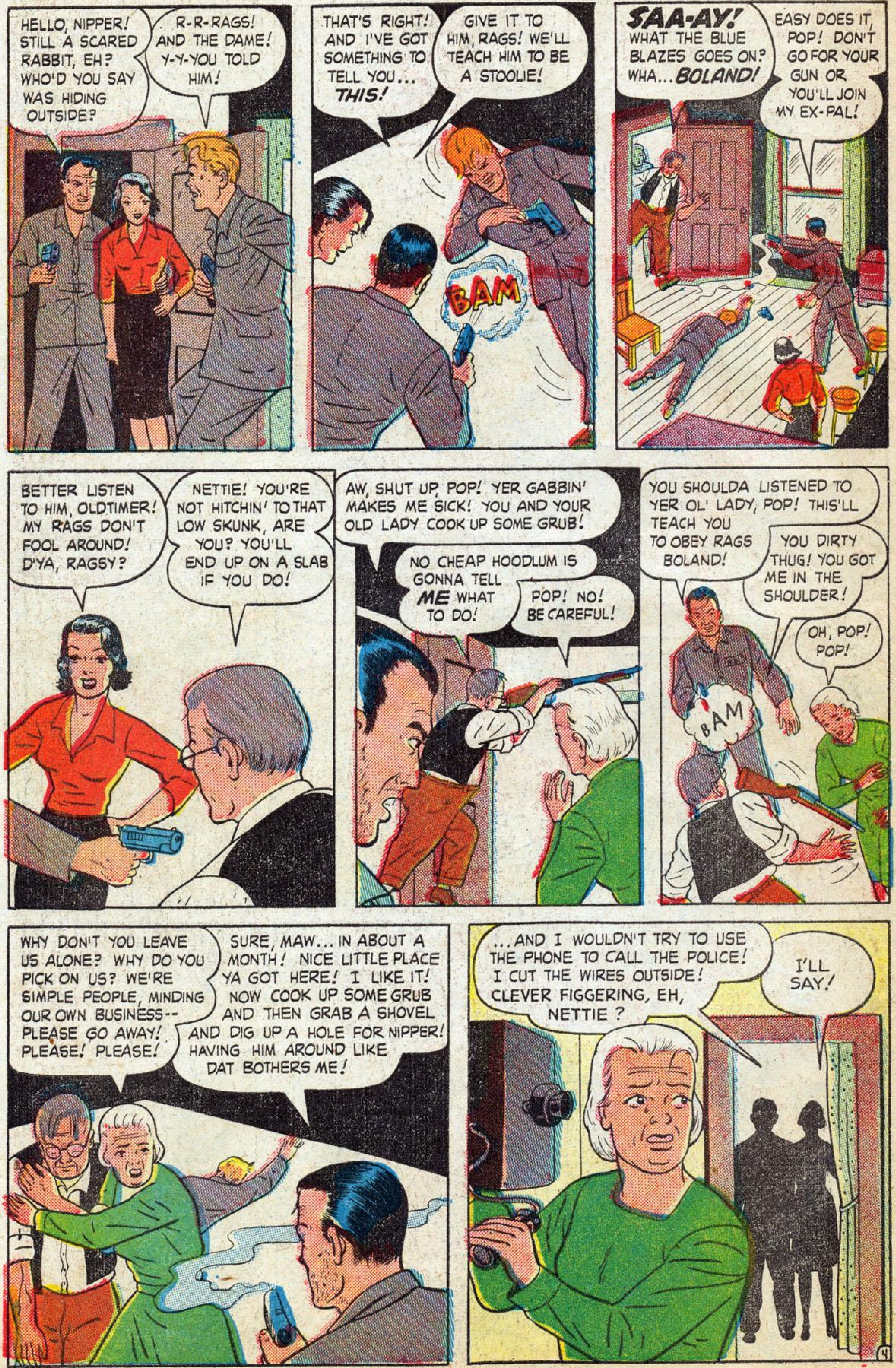

NETTIE LEONARD
GIVE UP, BOLAND! YOU'RE THROUGH AND YOU KNOW IT!
NOT YET, COPPER! YA GOTTA GET ME FIRST!
NETTIE LEONARD WAS IN TROUBLE ALL HER LIFE... BUT IN THE WASTES OF THE ARIZONA DESERT--IN THE FATEFUL MONTH OF JULY, 1936--NETTIE WAS DESTINED TO GET INTO HER FINAL JAM!
NETTIE THOUGHT SHE HAD A REASON FOR TEAMING UP WITH A KILLER--SHE FELT LIFE WAS TOO DULL--SHE CRAVED EXCITEMENT!
BUT SHE REALIZED, TOO LATE, THAT THE PATH OF CRIME LEADS TO MORE THAN JUST EXCITEMENT--IT LEADS TO TERROR... TRAGEDY... AND DEATH!
BASED ON A TRUE STORY!
"THE GIRL WHO TEAMED UP WITH DEATH!"
5064

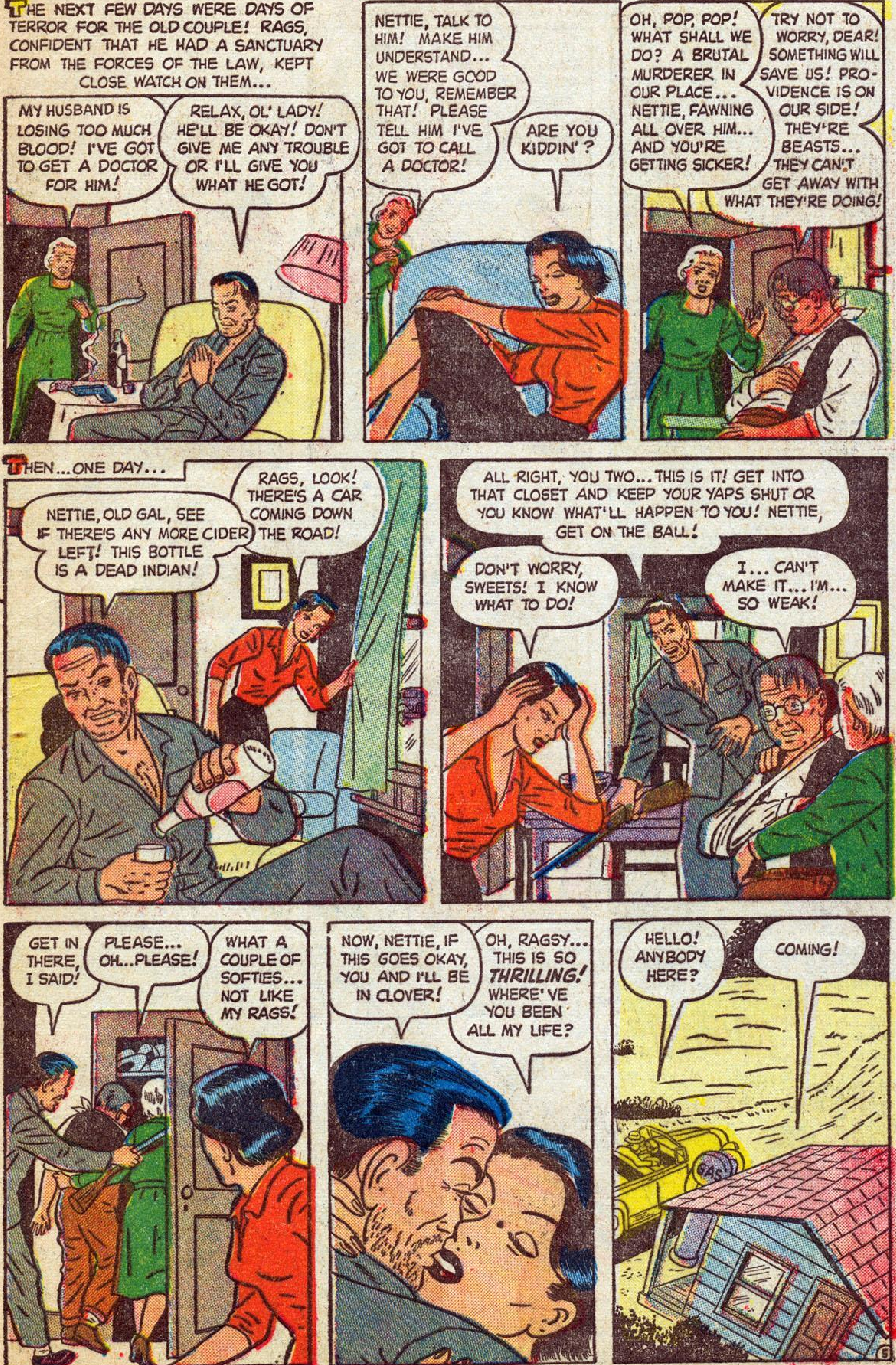

OUT IN THE WASTELANDS OF THE MIDDLEWEST, A QUIET LITTLE SERVICE STATION SLUMBERED PEACEFULLY ON A HOT DAY IN 1936, UNAWARE THAT IT WAS TO BE THE SETTING FOR A DRAMA OF BLOOD, DEATH AND BULLETS...
LUNCH
CRIPES! HOW LONG CAN I STAND THIS?! THE BOREDOM! THE MONOTONY! A DAME CAN GO NUTS IN A PLACE LIKE THIS! SAME THING DAY AFTER DAY... NOTHING EVER HAPPENS HERE! ALL WE DO IS ROT HERE... WAITING TO DIE! HOW'D I EVER GET STUCK HERE ANYWAY?
GAS
NOW, NETTIE, YOU SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN! YOU KNOW YOU WERE HAPPY TO STAY HERE AT FIRST! MR. NEAL AND I LET YOU LIVE HERE 'CAUSE YOU SAID YOU WERE IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE BACK EAST... AND NOW YOU'RE COMPLAINING! THAT'S NOT NICE, DEARIE!
OH, AIN'T IT? THAT'S TOO BAD! WELL, I'M SICK OF THIS DUMP AND OF YOU AND YOUR OLD MAN!
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL--WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE?
I WILL! THE FIRST CHANCE I GET! AND YOU TWO OLD FOGIES CAN STAY HERE AND GET BLOWN AWAY BY THE NEXT WINDSTORM! THIS KID CRAVES EXCITEMENT... LIGHTS... LIFE... AND LITTLE NETTIE'S GOING TO GET IT, TOO! YOU WATCH!
1

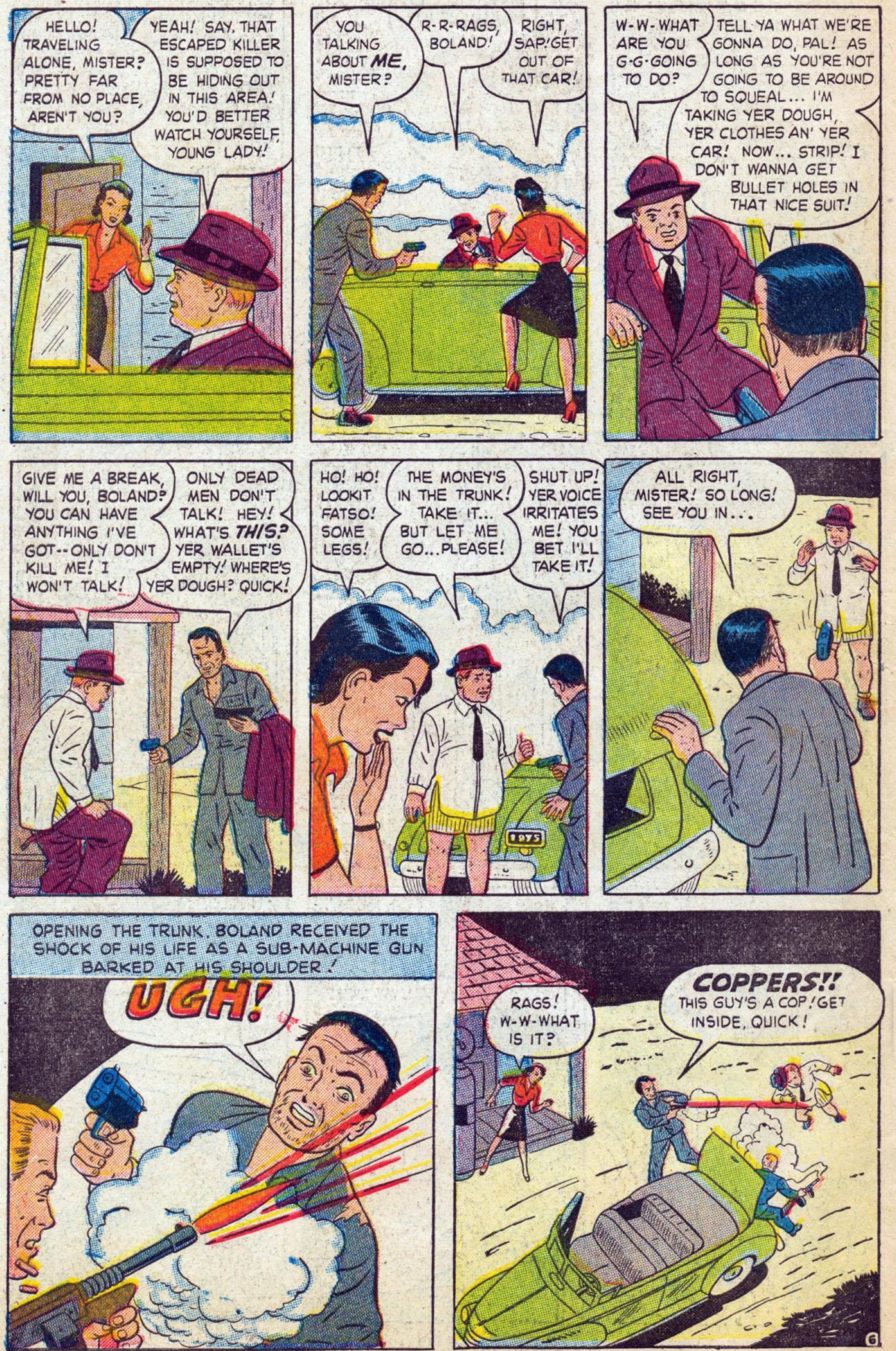
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THIS STORY IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

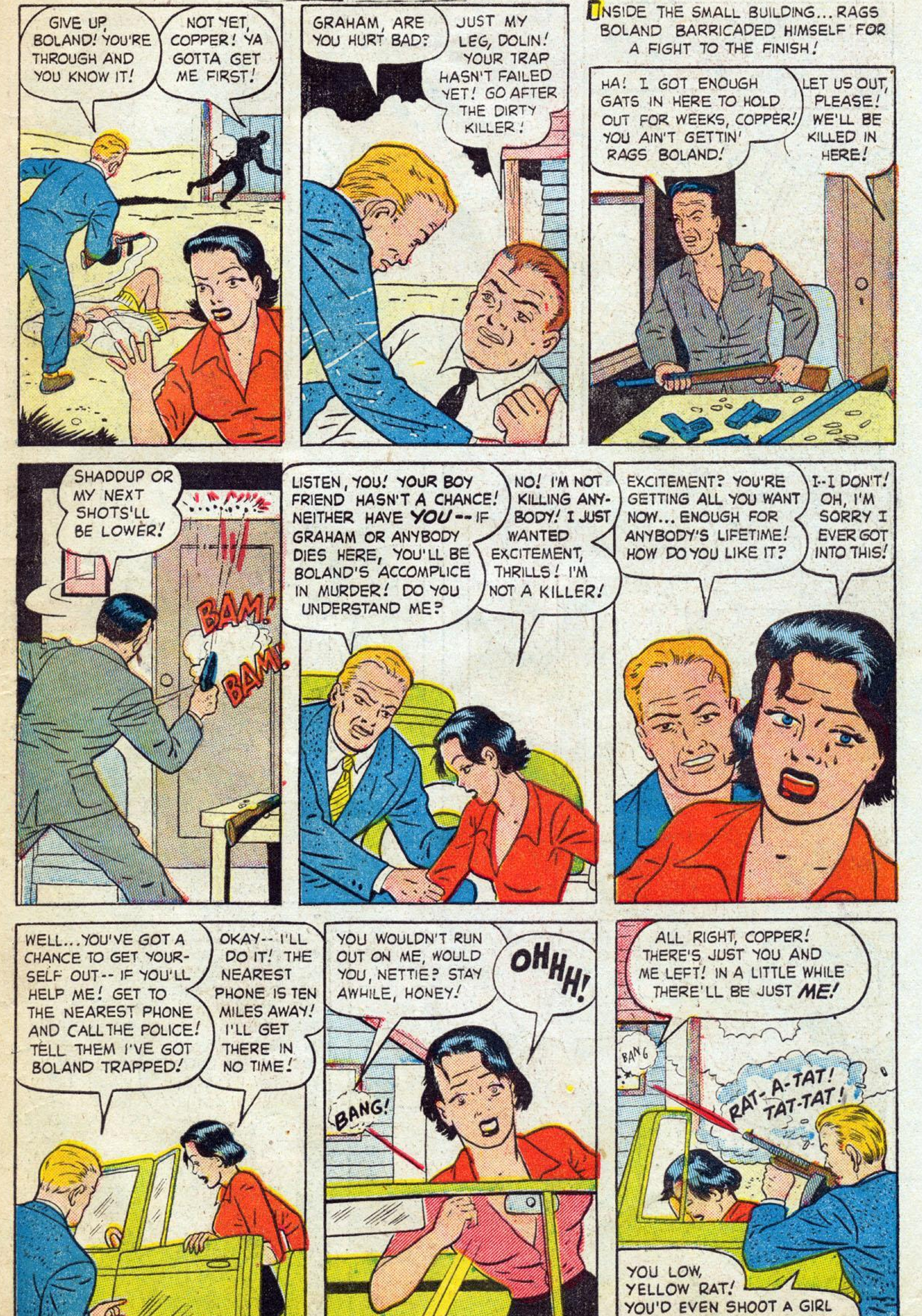

YOU TWO GALS SQUABBLIN' AGAIN?
TELL YOUR OLD LADY TO QUIT PICKIN' ON ME, POP! SHE'S JEALOUS 'CAUSE I'M BETTER LOOKIN' AND YOUNGER AND 'CAUSE I LIKE A GOOD TIME... EXCITEMENT!
NOW, NETTIE, THAT'S NOT TRUE!
DAILY-BUGLE
SAY! WHOSE PICTURE IS THAT IN THE PAPER? HE'S KINDA CUTE!
RAGS BOLAND! HE'S STILL AT LARGE! EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY'S LOOKING FOR HIM!
BOLAND? RAGS BOLAND... THE KILLER? LEMME SEE THAT! BROTHER! THERE'S A MAN! WHY DON'T I EVER MEET A BIG-SHOT MOBSTER LIKE THAT? THERE'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT I'D EVER WANT!
NETTIE, HOW CAN YOU TALK LIKE THAT? YOU KNOW THE MAN'S A VICIOUS KILLER, AN INHUMAN BEAST!
HE'S BIG-TIME, AIN'T HE? AND HE'S BETTER THAN YOU TWO! JUST THINK... HE'S SO IMPORTANT, ALL THE NEWSPAPERS ARE WRITING ABOUT HIM! HE'LL GET AWAY CLEAN--YOU WATCH!
NEAL! MR. NEAL!
YEAH? OH, HELLO, STEVE! WHAT'S UP?
KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY, MR. NEAL! THAT KILLER, BOLAND, HAS BEEN TRACKED TO THIS GENERAL AREA! BE CAREFUL... HE'S A MEAN CUSS!
THANKS, STEVE! HE WON'T GET PAST ME!
DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH HIM, NEAL! YOU'RE A DEPUTY! SHOOT TO KILL!
HE'S LEAVING! GOOD!
R-R-RAGS-- D'YA HEAR DAT? WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE... NOT A CHANCE! LET'S GIVE OURSELVES UP! I DON'T WANNA DIE!
SHUT UP, YA SQUIRT! I GOT THE GALLOWS WAITIN' FOR ME--I'M NOT GIVING MYSELF UP!
8819
BUT I'M ONLY A LIFER... I'D BE...
LISTEN YOU! YOU'RE STICKING WITH ME, SEE? YOU BROKE OUT OF DAT RAT HOLE OF A PRISON WITH ME, AND YOU'RE SEEING IT THROUGH--IF WE GOTTA FACE FREEDOM OR BULLETS!
2

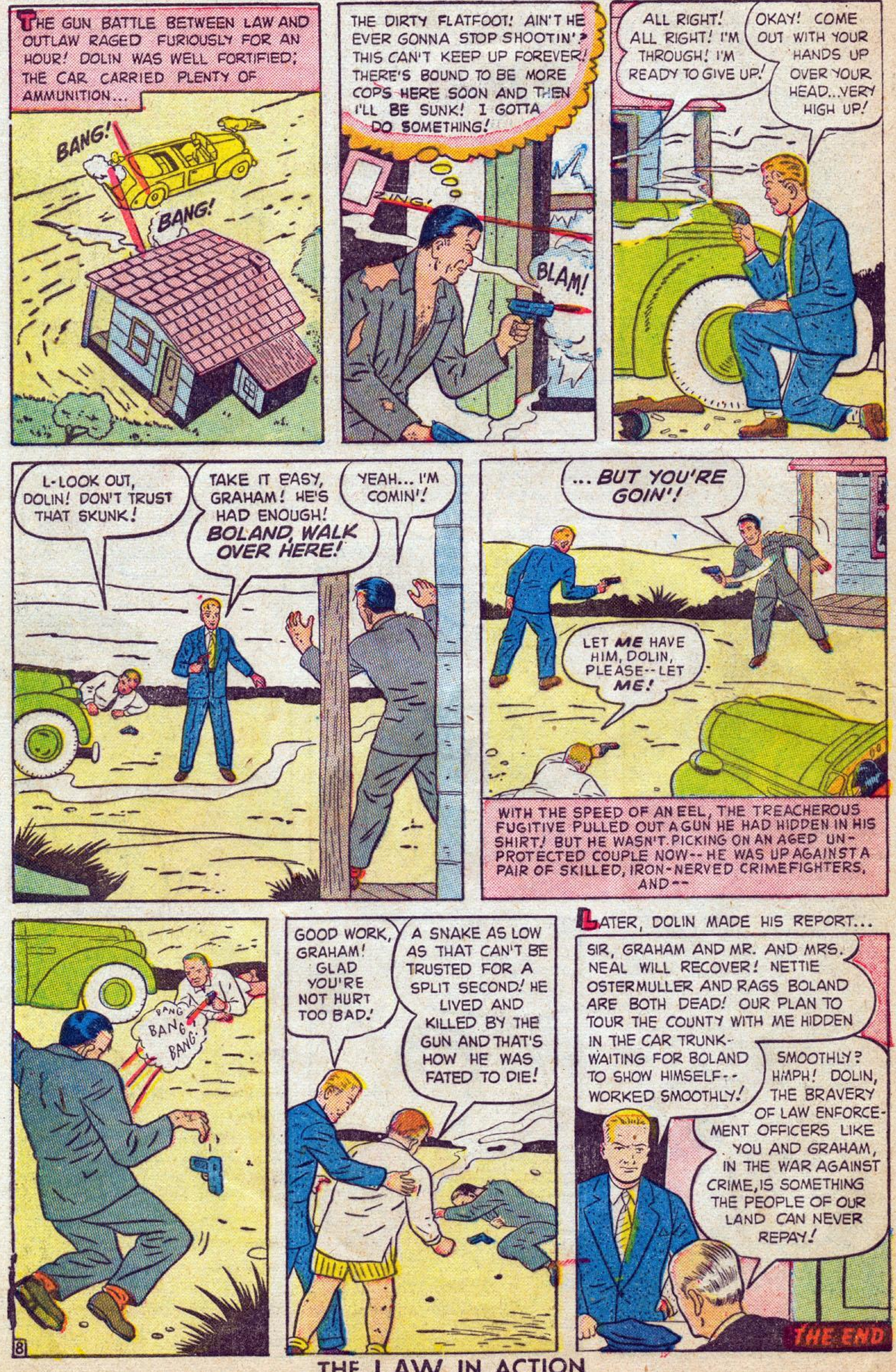

YOU LISTEN TO ME... I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE DO--WHEN AND HOW! THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SETUP HERE! THE TROOPER'S ALREADY BEEN BY AND WON'T COME BACK AGAIN, BECAUSE THAT OLD GUY'S A DEPUTY AND IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS AROUND HERE! D'YA FOLLOW ME?
A LITTLE BIT... GO ON...
I'LL EXPLAIN IT SIMPLE, SO EVEN YOU CAN GET IT! THERE'S ONLY AN OLD MAN AND HIS OLD LADY THERE AND DAT CHICK! WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THEM! HE MUST HAVE GUNS AND BULLETS THERE! NIPPER, THAT'S OUR HIDEOUT! PERFECT! FOOD, RODS... WE'RE SET!
SOUNDS GOOD, RAGS!
IT IS GOOD, YOU DUMB SLOB! GO ON, YOU GO FIRST... ORDER A CUP OF COFFEE!
ALL RIGHT, RAGS, I'LL STICK WIT' YA!
GAS
BUT NIPPER, AFRAID TO FACE A WAR WITH THE POLICE, HAD A DIFFERENT PLAN IN MIND...
HEY! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? I HEARD NO CAR!
LISTEN, GIRLIE... THAT OLD GUY'S A DEPUTY! TELL HIM RAGS BOLAND IS GONNA BUST IN HERE! HURRY UP!
BOLAND? THE... THE MOBSTER?
YEAH! HE AND I BROKE OUT OF JAIL-- BUT I WANNA GIVE MYSELF UP! HURRY, LADY-- HE'S LIABLE TO COME IN ANY SECOND! WHERE'S THE OLD MAN?
HE'S AROUND IN BACK! YOU WAIT HERE, MISTER! I'LL GET HIM!
MAKE IT QUICK, WILL YA? IF RAGS KNEW I RATTED ON HIM, MY LIFE WOULDN'T BE WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL! HE'S OVER BEHIND THE SHACK!
WHAT THE BLAZES?! THAT DAME IS COMING HERE! SOMETHING MUSTA...
PSSST, BOLAND.. I'M YOUR FRIEND! YOUR PAL TRIED TO TURN YOU IN-- BUT I WANNA HELP YA GET AWAY! CAN YOU HEAR ME? ARE YOU THERE?
YOU BET I'M HERE! YOU'RE A GOOD-LOOKER AS WELL AS SMART! I GOT A NEW PARTNER, HONEY! AND YOU'RE IT!
BOLAND! IT IS YOU! GOSH, I WANTED TO MEET YOU! TAKE ME WITH YOU, WILL YA? I WANNA TRAVEL FAST AND BIG... WITH YOU!
YOU BETCHA, KID! BUT FIRST I GOTTA WIPE OUT A PUNK SQUEALER! HMPH! BY THE WAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BABY?
NETTIE...


HELLO, NIPPER! STILL A SCARED RABBIT, EH? WHO'D YOU SAY WAS HIDING OUTSIDE?
R-R-RAGS! AND THE DAME! Y-Y-YOU TOLD HIM!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU... THIS!
GIVE IT TO HIM, RAGS! WE'LL TEACH HIM TO BE A STOOLIE!
BAM
SAA-AY! WHAT THE BLUE BLAZES GOES ON? WHA... BOLAND!
EASY DOES IT, POP! DON'T GO FOR YOUR GUN OR YOU'LL JOIN MY EX-PAL!
BETTER LISTEN TO HIM, OLDTIMER! MY RAGS DON'T FOOL AROUND! D'YA, RAGSY?
NETTIE! YOU'RE NOT HITCHIN' TO THAT LOW SKUNK, ARE YOU? YOU'LL END UP ON A SLAB IF YOU DO!
AW, SHUT UP, POP! YER GABBIN' MAKES ME SICK! YOU AND YOUR OLD LADY COOK UP SOME GRUB!
NO CHEAP HOODLUM IS GONNA TELL ME WHAT TO DO!
POP! NO! BE CAREFUL!
YOU SHOULDA LISTENED TO YER OL' LADY, POP! THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO OBEY RAGS BOLAND!
YOU DIRTY THUG! YOU GOT ME IN THE SHOULDER!
OH, POP! POP!
BAM
WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE US ALONE? WHY DO YOU PICK ON US? WE'RE SIMPLE PEOPLE, MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS-- PLEASE GO AWAY! PLEASE! PLEASE!
SURE, MAW... IN ABOUT A MONTH! NICE LITTLE PLACE YA GOT HERE! I LIKE IT! NOW COOK UP SOME GRUB AND THEN GRAB A SHOVEL AND DIG UP A HOLE FOR NIPPER! HAVING HIM AROUND LIKE DAT BOTHERS ME!
...AND I WOULDN'T TRY TO USE THE PHONE TO CALL THE POLICE! I CUT THE WIRES OUTSIDE! CLEVER FIGGERING, EH, NETTIE?
I'LL SAY!
4


THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE DAYS OF TERROR FOR THE OLD COUPLE! RAGS, CONFIDENT THAT HE HAD A SANCTUARY FROM THE FORCES OF THE LAW, KEPT CLOSE WATCH ON THEM...
MY HUSBAND IS LOSING TOO MUCH BLOOD! I'VE GOT TO GET A DOCTOR FOR HIM!
RELAX, OL' LADY! HE'LL BE OKAY! DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE OR I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT HE GOT!
NETTIE, TALK TO HIM! MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND... WE WERE GOOD TO YOU, REMEMBER THAT! PLEASE TELL HIM I'VE GOT TO CALL A DOCTOR!
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
OH, POP, POP! WHAT SHALL WE DO? A BRUTAL MURDERER IN OUR PLACE... NETTIE, FAWNING ALL OVER HIM... AND YOU'RE GETTING SICKER!
TRY NOT TO WORRY, DEAR! SOMETHING WILL SAVE US! PROVIDENCE IS ON OUR SIDE! THEY'RE BEASTS... THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH WHAT THEY'RE DOING!
THEN... ONE DAY...
NETTIE, OLD GAL, SEE IF THERE'S ANY MORE CIDER LEFT! THIS BOTTLE IS A DEAD INDIAN!
RAGS, LOOK! THERE'S A CAR COMING DOWN THE ROAD!
ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO... THIS IS IT! GET INTO THAT CLOSET AND KEEP YOUR YAPS SHUT OR YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO YOU! NETTIE, GET ON THE BALL!
DON'T WORRY, SWEETS! I KNOW WHAT TO DO!
I... CAN'T MAKE IT... I'M... SO WEAK!
GET IN THERE, I SAID!
PLEASE... OH...PLEASE!
WHAT A COUPLE OF SOFTIES... NOT LIKE MY RAGS!
NOW, NETTIE, IF THIS GOES OKAY, YOU AND I'LL BE IN CLOVER!
OH, RAGSY... THIS IS SO *THRILLING!* WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE?
HELLO! ANYBODY HERE?
COMING!
GAS
5


HELLO! TRAVELING ALONE, MISTER? PRETTY FAR FROM NO PLACE, AREN'T YOU?
YEAH! SAY, THAT ESCAPED KILLER IS SUPPOSED TO BE HIDING OUT IN THIS AREA! YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOURSELF, YOUNG LADY!
YOU TALKING ABOUT **ME,** MISTER?
R-R-RAGS, BOLAND!
RIGHT, SAP! GET OUT OF THAT CAR!
W-W-WHAT ARE YOU G-G-GOING TO DO?
TELL YA WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO, PAL! AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE AROUND TO SQUEAL... I'M TAKING YER DOUGH, YER CLOTHES AN' YER CAR! NOW... STRIP! I DON'T WANNA GET BULLET HOLES IN THAT NICE SUIT!
GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YOU, BOLAND? YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING I'VE GOT--ONLY DON'T KILL ME! I WON'T TALK!
ONLY DEAD MEN DON'T TALK! HEY! WHAT'S **THIS?** YER WALLET'S EMPTY! WHERE'S YER DOUGH? QUICK!
HO! HO! LOOKIT FATSO! SOME LEGS!
THE MONEY'S IN THE TRUNK! TAKE IT... BUT LET ME GO... PLEASE!
SHUT UP! YER VOICE IRRITATES ME! YOU BET I'LL TAKE IT!
1975
ALL RIGHT, MISTER! SO LONG! SEE YOU IN...
OPENING THE TRUNK, BOLAND RECEIVED THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE AS A SUB-MACHINE GUN BARKED AT HIS SHOULDER!
UGH!
RAGS! W-W-WHAT IS IT?
COPPERS!! THIS GUY'S A COP! GET INSIDE, QUICK!


GIVE UP, BOLAND! YOU'RE THROUGH AND YOU KNOW IT!
NOT YET, COPPER! YA GOTTA GET ME FIRST!
GRAHAM, ARE YOU HURT BAD?
JUST MY LEG, DOLIN! YOUR TRAP HASN'T FAILED YET! GO AFTER THE DIRTY KILLER!
INSIDE THE SMALL BUILDING... RAGS BOLAND BARRICADED HIMSELF FOR A FIGHT TO THE FINISH!
HA! I GOT ENOUGH GATS IN HERE TO HOLD OUT FOR WEEKS, COPPER! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' RAGS BOLAND!
LET US OUT, PLEASE! WE'LL BE KILLED IN HERE!
SHADDUP OR MY NEXT SHOTS'LL BE LOWER!
BAM!
BAM!
LISTEN, YOU! YOUR BOY FRIEND HASN'T A CHANCE! NEITHER HAVE YOU -- IF GRAHAM OR ANYBODY DIES HERE, YOU'LL BE BOLAND'S ACCOMPLICE IN MURDER! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
NO! I'M NOT KILLING ANYBODY! I JUST WANTED EXCITEMENT, THRILLS! I'M NOT A KILLER!
EXCITEMENT? YOU'RE GETTING ALL YOU WANT NOW... ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY'S LIFETIME! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
I--I DON'T! OH, I'M SORRY I EVER GOT INTO THIS!
WELL... YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO GET YOURSELF OUT -- IF YOU'LL HELP ME! GET TO THE NEAREST PHONE AND CALL THE POLICE! TELL THEM I'VE GOT BOLAND TRAPPED!
OKAY -- I'LL DO IT! THE NEAREST PHONE IS TEN MILES AWAY! I'LL GET THERE IN NO TIME!
YOU WOULDN'T RUN OUT ON ME, WOULD YOU, NETTIE? STAY AWHILE, HONEY!
OHHH!
BANG!
ALL RIGHT, COPPER! THERE'S JUST YOU AND ME LEFT! IN A LITTLE WHILE THERE'LL BE JUST ME!
BANG
RAT-A-TAT! TAT-TAT!
YOU LOW, YELLOW RAT! YOU'D EVEN SHOOT A GIRL IN THE BACK! YOU'LL GET YOURS NOW -- I SWEAR IT!


THE GUN BATTLE BETWEEN LAW AND OUTLAW RAGED FURIOUSLY FOR AN HOUR! DOLIN WAS WELL FORTIFIED; THE CAR CARRIED PLENTY OF AMMUNITION...
BANG!
BANG!
THE DIRTY FLATFOOT! AIN'T HE EVER GONNA STOP SHOOTIN'? THIS CAN'T KEEP UP FOREVER! THERE'S BOUND TO BE MORE COPS HERE SOON AND THEN I'LL BE SUNK! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING!
ZING!
BLAM!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'M THROUGH! I'M READY TO GIVE UP!
OKAY! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP OVER YOUR HEAD...VERY HIGH UP!
L-LOOK OUT, DOLIN! DON'T TRUST THAT SKUNK!
TAKE IT EASY, GRAHAM! HE'S HAD ENOUGH! BOLAND, WALK OVER HERE!
YEAH... I'M COMIN'!
...BUT YOU'RE GOIN'!
LET ME HAVE HIM, DOLIN, PLEASE--LET ME!
WITH THE SPEED OF AN EEL, THE TREACHEROUS FUGITIVE PULLED OUT A GUN HE HAD HIDDEN IN HIS SHIRT! BUT HE WASN'T PICKING ON AN AGED UNPROTECTED COUPLE NOW-- HE WAS UP AGAINST A PAIR OF SKILLED, IRON-NERVED CRIMEFIGHTERS, AND--
BANG BANG BANG
GOOD WORK, GRAHAM! GLAD YOU'RE NOT HURT TOO BAD!
A SNAKE AS LOW AS THAT CAN'T BE TRUSTED FOR A SPLIT SECOND! HE LIVED AND KILLED BY THE GUN AND THAT'S HOW HE WAS FATED TO DIE!
LATER, DOLIN MADE HIS REPORT...
SIR, GRAHAM AND MR. AND MRS. NEAL WILL RECOVER! NETTIE OSTERMULLER AND RAGS BOLAND ARE BOTH DEAD! OUR PLAN TO TOUR THE COUNTY WITH ME HIDDEN IN THE CAR TRUNK-WAITING FOR BOLAND TO SHOW HIMSELF--WORKED SMOOTHLY!
SMOOTHLY? HMPH! DOLIN, THE BRAVERY OF LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS LIKE YOU AND GRAHAM, IN THE WAR AGAINST CRIME, IS SOMETHING THE PEOPLE OF OUR LAND CAN NEVER REPAY!
THE END

Reducing Specialist Says:

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

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A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

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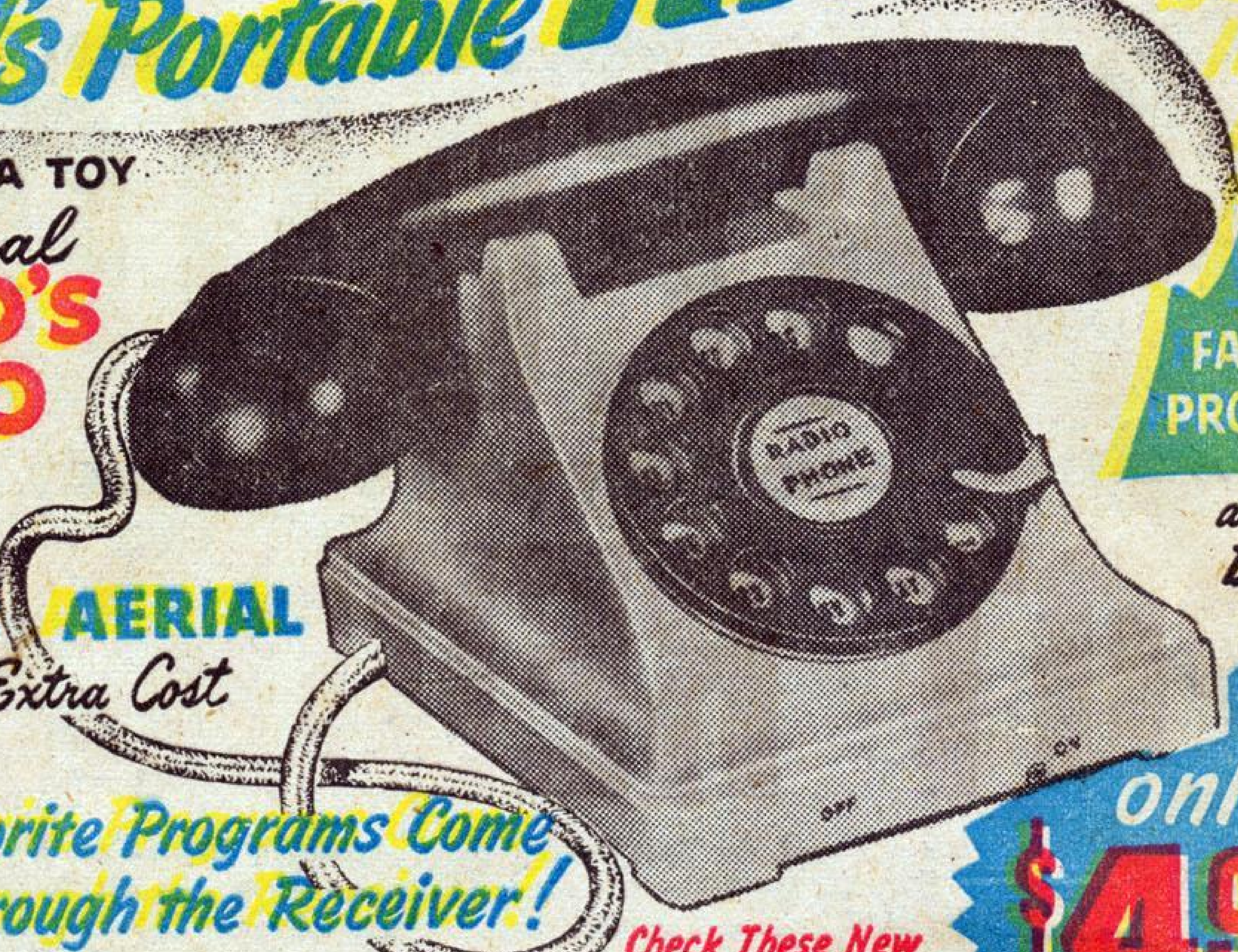
BUILT INTO A PHONE

NOT A TOY

But a Real **CHILD'S RADIO**

Complete with **MAGIC AERIAL** at No Extra Cost



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NOT A CRYSTAL SET, BUT A GENUINE PORTABLE CHILD'S RADIO!

TUNE IN RANGER
GETS BUCK ROGERS
BRINGS IN THE "SHADOW"

TUNE IN RANGER
Gets Buck Rogers . . .
Brings in the "Shadow"

This is a real battery radio which tunes in stations at the "twist of the dial." Powerful for its size—clear as a bell. Precision built. A complete one tube radio built into a miniature plastic telephone. A PERSONAL radio for every child to enjoy.

SEND NO MONEY!

Simply fill in name and address on coupon—then mail. On arrival of Radio-Phone pay postman only $4.98 and $1.00 for batteries, plus C. O. D. postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back if returned postpaid (untampered with) in 10 days time. Save money by sending cash with order. Then, we pay postage. Rush order TODAY while present limited supply lasts.

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- PRIVATE earphone prevents disturbing others.
- Picks up stations within 100 miles.
- Automatic ON and OFF switch.
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Plus $1.00 for NEW POWERHOUSE LONG LASTING BATTERIES

EXTRA!

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( ) Send C. O. D. ( ) Enclosed please find cash, send prepaid

Name

Address

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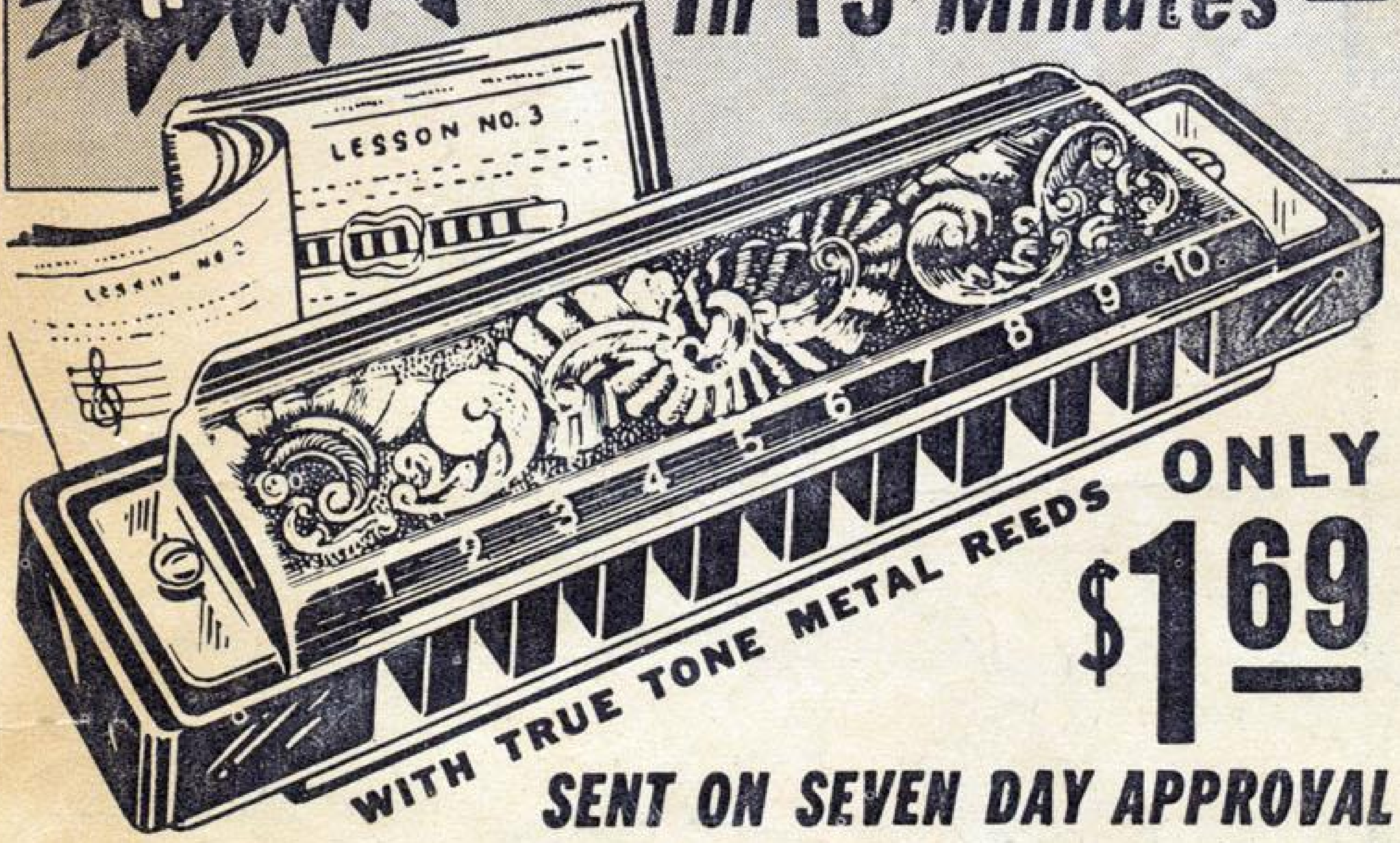
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IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA, HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS, – ALL FOR ONLY $1.69
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Full size. Decorated with Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order.

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